Vol. XCVII.—No. 1262] FEBRUARY 22, 1928 [Registered as a Newspaper

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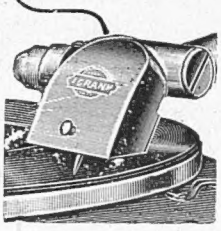

May we send you List No. J 467, which gives full particulars ?

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The Bystander, February 22, 1928 No. 1262 Vol. XCVII

The BYSTANDER

Specially painted for "The Bystander" by Coller

FAMOUS RUGBY PLAYERS—No. 16—E. G. TAYLOR

The Scottish International and Oxford wing-threequarter. Taylor is a very determined runner, and has been elected Captain of Oxford University for next season

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"TO KEEP OUT WIND & WEATHER"

When the winds of chance blow roughly — keep on.
An even balance of inspiration and understanding, has helped many a man to battle through: and it is unfailingly found in —

DEWAR'S

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Prince's New Title

DURING his reign of eighteen years the King has had many happy inspirations, the majority of which will only be known to our grandchildren when we of our time grow old and write our memoirs. But His Majesty was never more happily inspired than when he decided to create the Prince of Wales Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets.

It is a splendid title; splendid in its simplicity and dignity; splendid because of all it implies. For the first time in our history the Throne has given a national recognition to the labours of those "who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters."

Personally, I am very glad that for once the world has been told the genesis of this appointment, which, it is not the slightest exaggeration to say, has sent a thrill all through the world of mercantile shipping, because it shows the King's knowledge and understanding of the labours of an all-important section of his subjects, labours without which we should be more than half-starved, and labours of whose value most of us are woefully ignorant.

The Prince of Wales is twice an hereditary Prince—he is Prince of Scotland as well as Prince of Wales—twice a Duke, twice an Earl, twice a Baron, and sixteen times a colonel, not to mention his naval rank and other dignities. This Mastership of the Mercantile Navy and Fishing Fleets will mean the addition of another uniform to his wardrobe; but that uniform will be unique in the whole world, because no Mercantile Navy except our own has a Master.

An Interesting Point

THE succession of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith's grandson, Viscount Asquith, to the earldom, raises an interesting point concerning the little boy's mother, Mrs. Raymond Asquith. Her husband, the great Premier's eldest son, was killed in the War before his father was raised to the peerage. Thus she alone of all Lord Oxford's daughters-in-law has not the title of Honourable, although her son by the terms of the patent creating the earldom became Viscount Asquith.

There is at least one precedent for Mrs. Raymond Asquith, now that her son is Earl of Oxford and Asquith, being given the title and rank she would have had if her husband had lived, that of Viscountess Asquith. This precedent is the case of Lady Amherst of Hackney. Her husband, the Hon. William Amherst Cecil, was killed early in the War. When his mother, Lady Amherst of Hackney in her own right, died five years later, Captain William Amherst Cecil's son succeeded her, and his widow a year later was given the style and precedence of a

THE PASSING OF A GREAT STATESMAN

One of the last portraits of the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith, who death has removed one of the outstanding figures of our time. As the Prime Minister at the time of our entry into the Great War, his name will go down to history

Photographs *Photopress*

THE NEW EARL

The twelve-year-old Viscount Asquith, who succeeds to the title. His father, Mr. Raymond Asquith, the eldest son of the late Earl, was killed in the War

A COMING-OF-AGE *Topical*

Miss E. Audrey Yarrow, a granddaughter of Sir Alfred Yarrow, who recently celebrated her coming-of-age, photographed at Craigend Castle, Milngavie. She is a keen and clever horsewoman and was a débutante of 1926

widow. Mr. Raymond Asquith's title of Viscount would have only been a courtesy title, and it remains to be seen whether this will make any difference or not to his widow.

The Queen Better

ALTHOUGH it was deemed inadvisable for the Queen to attend the marriage at St. Martin-in-the-Fields of the Marquess of Hamilton and Lady Kathleen Crichton because of her recent cold, Her Majesty, happily, was able to go to the reception afterwards at the Duke of Devonshire's house in Carlton House Terrace.

By the end of the week the fears that the Queen might perhaps not be able to go to the "Napoleon" *matinée* at His Majesty's Theatre last Tuesday—the date she herself had fixed—turned out to be groundless. The Queen was present, and, unexpectedly, was accompanied by the King and the Duchess of York, to the great delight of a packed audience.

Bassano

THE HON. URSULA SPENCER

The youngest daughter of Viscount Churchill and Verena Viscountess Churchill. Her engagement has been recently announced to Mr. A. F. Tod, R.H.A., son of Colonel and Mrs. Tod, of The Red House, Dorchester

Help for a Hospital

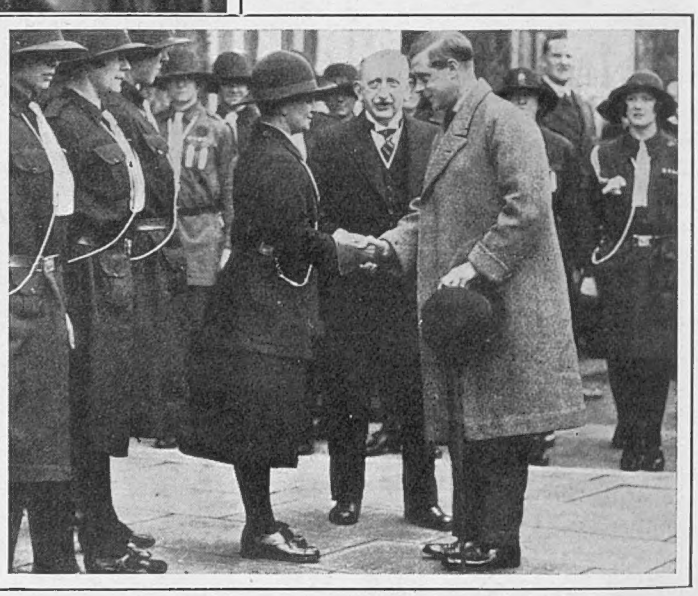
SOME little time ago a detailed description of a reception given by Princess Pauline Borghese to her brother, the Emperor Napoleon, on his return to Paris from his honeymoon with the Archduchess Marie Louise was found amongst some old papers in France. Upon this M. Georges Loiseau wrote a two-act play, or, rather, a two-act tableau with words, reproducing the whole of the reception with all the leading figures of the Napoleonic Court upon the stage. Talleyrand, the Duchess of Dantzic (Madame Sans Gêne), and all the Marshals. Nothing better for a *matinée* by amateurs could have been chosen, since the play gave everybody, men and women, the opportunity of wearing gorgeous dresses and uniforms. The reception was a scene of dazzling splendour. Sir Frank Newnes was so uncannily like Napoleon that one was sorry he had to speak, since his French rather dispelled the illusion. On the other hand, Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise's French as Princess Pauline Borghese was so perfect that she was specially complimented upon it by the Queen when Her Majesty paid the players the unusual honour of going behind the scenes to congratulate them.

The performance was given in aid of the new maternity building at the Royal Free Hospital, which, by the King's directions, is to be called the Queen Mary Wing. The *matinée* produced the exceptionally large sum of £3,000, the whole of which will go to the hospitals, as

Angus Faith

MRS. CHRISTOPHER TURNOR

Whose marriage to Mr. Christopher Reginald Turnor, the son of the late Major R. Turnor, 1st Life Guards, and Mrs. Turnor, took p'ace on Monday, February 20, at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Mrs. Turnor was Miss Yolande Pepys, the second daughter of the Hon. Everard and Mrs. Pepys



Topical

THE PRINCE AT GREENFORD

The Prince of Wales photographed on his recent visit to the Greenford factories of J. Lyons and Co. He is seen greeting the Captain of the firm's Girl Guides on his arrival

Central Press

"NATIONAL" HORSES IN ACTION

A photograph taken at one of the jumps during the running of the Newbury Cup. In the right foreground is seen the American Grand National candidate, Billy Barton, who lost many friends by his disappointing display in this race

all the players provided their own dresses.

The Years Between

IT is not usual for a man of twenty-seven to have a sister who is close on seventy. But this is the case with the Hon. James Bertie, the youngest son of the Earl of Abingdon by his second marriage. Lord Abingdon is ninety-two, and his eldest daughter by his first marriage to a Towneley of Towneley, one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in Lancashire, is

CAMERA NOTES FROM NEWBURY

Some of the many well-known people who were present at the recent 'chases

Alfieri

MISS WINGFIELD AND LADY MORRISON-BELL

Alfieri

THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX AND MISS RENNIE

Alfieri

MISS GORDON AND LADY BAIRD

Viscountess FitzAlan, the wife of the late Duke of Norfolk's brother, and acting Earl Marshal until his nephew, the present Duke, comes of age. Mr. James Bertie has just become engaged to Lady Jean Crichton-Stuart, the Marquess of Bute's second daughter.

Lord and Lady FitzAlan now have Princess Christian's old home in Windsor Park, which is of course Cumberland Lodge. The house has been lent to them by the King.

"Here's a How de Do!"

HERE's a pretty proposition! It isn't mine, because your Bystander hasn't got the enviable faculty possessed by luckier people of being able to think out things in figures. You've got to be born with that particular kind of brain. The Good Fairy of Mathematics is not present at every christening.

The suggestion is *à propos* of the half-million some extremely well-dowered and patriotic person has offered to the Government to sit and sit in some safe coffer, piling up interest and compound interest until

in some far-off day in the future it has made itself into enough completely to pay off the National Debt.

The proposition is this: Will not that £500,000 ultimately abolish what are called gilt-edged securities? Not in our time, of course, but in some far-off day when the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that time triumphantly announces that the National Debt has been paid off, where will be the comfortable security for investors of Government stock? Consols represent the National Debt. When that is gone there won't be any Consols, and therefore there won't be any investment which is absolutely sure, and outside all the chances and mischances that from time to time affect every other form of investment.

Sport and General

A GOLFING FINAL

Mrs. Martin Hall and Miss Challis photographed at St. Jean de Luz in the final of the St. Jean de Luz Cup. Miss Challis won at the 20th hole

Sport and General

A WATERLOO RUNNER

Miss Clover photographed at the Altcar meeting with Lord Dalmeny's nomination, Always Happy, which reached the Third Ties for the Waterloo Cup. The winner was Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's White Collar

murder or rob a man of his trousers—I gather nobody will be allowed more than two pairs—you will be put on a special diet scientifically devised to overcome criminal tendencies.

But that £500,000 ultimately wiping out the National Debt! I see multitudes of the truly rich doing sums to find out how long it will take, and making their wills accordingly.

Robots without Machinery

But perhaps by that time our descendants will all be put on the dole directly they are born; nobody will be allowed to have capital, and the Government will run everything, detailing a job of work for every male and female without pay because of the dole. That, at any rate, is the dream of a little coterie at Oxford and their Communist brothers in a lower scale of life—that is, as things are now. It all sounds like Robots without the machinery.

Oh, I must add this: If you commit a

The Cause of the Trouble

Last week I told you about some uncanny happenings in a room in a country house. I have just been told this story about a kitchen in a London flat, not a stone's throw from Albert Gate. One day, to the cook's utter alarm, most of the dinner plates standing in the plate rack jumped out, one after the other, on to the floor. This happened more than once. Following closely on the happenings in the house in the South of London, of which we read so much in the newspapers,

Sport and General

SKI-ING IN THE SOUTH

Sir Roland Bourne out for a little ski-ing practice. He has joined the ever-increasing number of visitors to the Pyrenees Winter Sport Centres and has been staying at Superbagnères

Vandyk

AFTER THE CEREMONY

The bride and bridegroom with their youthful attendants photographed after the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Mr. Sylvester Gates and Miss Nancy Tennant, the half-sister of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Owing to the death of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith the reception was abandoned, and Lord David Cecil replaced the Hon. Anthony Asquith as best man

servants and mistress felt decidedly uncomfortable. And they went on being uncomfortable until a plumber solved the mystery—just a prosaic plumber. The flat is in a building in which all the flats have a constant supply of hot water from a furnace in the basement. Something had gone wrong and there was unequal pressure in the pipes. This caused vibration. Now it chanced that the back of the plate rack rested against the hot water pipes. When the vibration began it was so strong that it pushed the plates forward, and down they went to the floor. Thanks to the plumber, there's one "haunted kitchen" the less in London. Hence my bouquet to a much-maligned trade.

Sport and General

THE FIRST THREE

Lord J. A. Hope (right), the winner of the Junior Mile, resting after the race. R. G. Raw, the second man home, and S. Mitchell, the third, are also seen

THE STRENUOUS SIDE OF LIFE AT ETON

"Wet-bobs" and "dry-bobs" who are in the sporting eye this term

Photopress

A "WET-BOB"

D. McKenna, who strokes the Second Eight, photographed after a trial spin. He is a son of the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, P.C.

THE WINNER *L.N.A.*

C. W. Benson, who won the School Mile on the Dornay Road. He finished in 4 mins. 47 secs., beating J. E. B. Pope by four yards after a magnificent struggle

Photopress

AT PRACTICE

Lord Forrester, who rows No. 2 in the First Eight at Eton, photographed during an outing. The boating season opens officially on March 1

Alien Servants

A FRIEND of mine recently had a most unpleasant experience. She had been abroad for nine months, and during that time had had a French maid. With some difficulty she persuaded the girl's parents to allow her to bring her to England. The maid's papers were all in order, but she was not permitted to leave the quay of the port of landing, and had to return to France by the evening boat. All that my friend could get from the authorities was that the girl's work as lady's maid could be done by an Englishwoman.

I see the principle—English work for English people; but for the life of me, I cannot understand its application. One American actress is refused permission by the Minister for Labour to appear in a play at an out-of-the-way theatre in London. Yet how many American actors and actresses are drawing huge salaries in West End theatres?

And again, if a French lady's maid is refused admittance to the country on the ground that her work can be done by an Englishwoman, how are we to account for all the foreign waiters, the foreign *chefs,* and foreign *maîtres d'hôtel* in all the restaurants which are the mode—and in many more?

The only answer to that question is that they have all become naturalised British subjects. And that I take leave to doubt. It's an odd situation because, whatever the law may be, the public seems to know nothing whatever about it.

Photography without Tears

I FORESEE the photograph habit spreading rapidly now that the terrors of the studio have been banished, as far as shy or self-conscious people are concerned, by this new machine called the Photomaton. When I photographed myself with this invention I sat in a cabinet like a telephone box, put a shilling in the slot, and behaved naturally. In twenty seconds the uncanny machine had photographed me eight times. At the end of eight minutes a strip with eight images of myself—excellent photographs all of them—was handed to me. The company which is controlling the invention in England, and which has as its managing director Mr. Claude Grahame-White, the famous aviator, can make perfect enlargements from these small prints. There will be a big rush on Selfridge's, where the Photomaton is now being demonstrated.

A Great Pilgrimage

THE passing of Field-Marshal Earl Haig gives an added importance to this year's Battlefields Pilgrimage of the British Legion, of which the first details have just reached me. The Pilgrimage does not take place until August 4-9, but members are asked to register immediately. The cost is just over four pounds, and the places visited include the Somme, Vimy and Ypres.

Unknown Warriors

WHY is this great journey being organised, and what is its character? It is neither an excursion nor a joy-ride. It is not even a trip to see a new country or people. "It is a solemn pilgrimage to the land we knew so well, where we fought and suffered, and where we wish to honour those million souls of the British Empire who made the supreme sacrifice—to pay homage to the Unknown Warriors in France and Belgium."

Old Friends

INCIDENTALLY, those taking part in the Pilgrimage will have the opportunity, at a very reasonable cost, of visiting again many old friends among the civilian population. There must be many a man who remembers the kindness he received when going back to billets in a rest area, out of the awful discomfort and misery of trench life; and if the Pilgrimage serves to renew and strengthen those old war friendships with France and Belgium it will not have been in vain.

Honest Home-made

THIS morning I found on my desk a most unusual visitor in the shape of a pot of golden marmalade. Not the excellent coarse-cut concoction that hails from a Varsity town, nor yet the more finely shredded confection of far Dundee, but a good honest pound pot of good honest home-made marmalade.

Bottled Sunshine

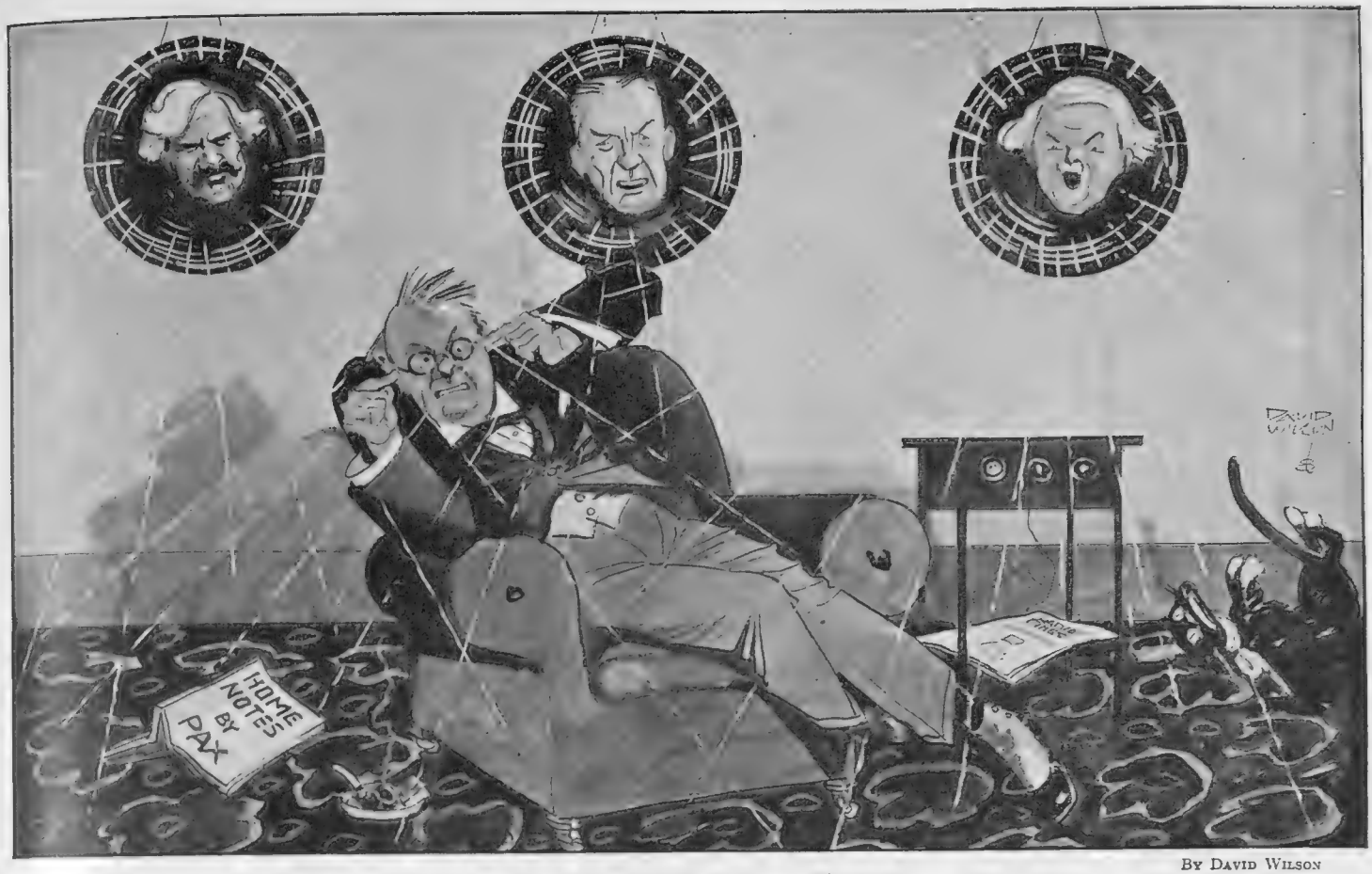
EVIDENTLY there is someone in this cold, grey world who knows my weakness for home-made marmalade. He or she had even put it in a glass jar—the sort of packing that makes you think of bottled sunshine. It was freshly made, too, and of just the right consistency. Believe me, I am going to enjoy myself to-morrow morning at breakfast time.

Orange Jam

SUPERIOR people will smile at this rhapsody over a bottle of orange jam—and, by the way, why don't we speak of orange jam, just as we speak of plum jam, or apple jam, or even plum and apple jam? I can't justify my enthusiasm, unless I am influenced by the fact that marmalade is the harbinger of sunshine, just as the swallow is the harbinger of Summer and the violet of Spring. Can you consider an orange without thinking of the Sunny South, of Valencia, and of Seville? Did you not experience a thrill when you first saw an orange growing upon a tree? Of course you did!

Pity the Poor Stars

THE trouble with being a "star" in the theatre is that you have to tread far more warily than lesser and happier mortals. You cannot afford to make a mistake. One felt this at the first night of *S.O.S.* at the St. James's Theatre, when Sir Gerald du Maurier presented a play of poor quality and appeared in a part that gave him no sort of chance to exploit his personality. There



IF THE "BANN" IS LIFTED!

By David Wilson

were no glaring errors, but the whole enterprise seemed to be just not quite good enough for the hour and the man. In the same way I fancy Sybil Thorndike must be regretting the controversy over the Nurse Cavell film.

Terrier Racing

Where is this dog-racing craze likely to lead us? I was present at the Holborn Stadium Club when fox-terrier racing was inaugurated, and I must say it was as pretty a sight as I wish to see. The little fellows ran splendidly, and the rat proved an entirely realistic quarry. They seemed much more intent on their job than the greyhounds. Everybody was congratulating Mr. Fred Howard, the general organiser, and he certainly deserved any kudos that might have been going.

This Betting Business

But, as I say, where is it all leading us? Smaller tracks are springing up everywhere, and the country will soon be honeycombed with what are virtually open-air casinos. I don't object to this, but I think the time has come to place this betting business on a broad official basis. Let us have the "tote"; let us have Premium Bonds; and, in fact, let us regularise gambling once and for all. Most of us like a gamble; many of us insist on a gamble; and all of us resent being laughed at as a nation of humbugs.

Customs and Habits

I fancy we have heard nearly the last of Shakespeare in Modern Dress. It was all very well as an amusing novelty, with, perhaps, a moral tucked away somewhere, but if it has taught us anything it has proved beyond question that you cannot put old customs into new habits. The recent revival of *Macbeth* savoured of an over-long revue sketch, and when Mr. Cochran has presented *On Approval* as Shakespeare might have written it, the incident will be definitely and satisfactorily closed.

Chops and Chopin

By nature of their calling advertising men are among the most enterprising in the world, and this characteristic finds full vent in the activities of the Aldwych Club. This stronghold of publicity is already famous for its post-prandial discussions, in which almost every well-known man has taken part, and a recent innovation was a short lunch-hour pianoforte recital given in the lounge by Mr. Henry Bronkhurst. Such a combination of mental and bodily recreation has much to be said for it, and the May Fair Hotel with its musical dinners will have to look to its laurels.

Sad, Cold People

The Prince of Wales said a very shrewd thing when he suggested that misplaced enthusiasm does not always make for sound criticism. Anyone who witnessed the silly, squealing gallery reception of *S O S* must have felt that the Prince really hit the nail on the head: "I am inclined to wonder whether a section of our first-nighters ever really give themselves a proper chance of appreciating the atmosphere of the first night of a new play. We have all of us been driving home from the theatre—or possibly a little later—and seen a long line of the very sad, cold, white people queueing up for the first performance of a new play which is not even going to open for another twenty hours.

Good Talk and Sound Sense

"You and I who have seen that sight cannot help admiring the courage and tenacity of our people; and it entirely disproves the idea that we are a C3 nation. But does it make for A1 critics? Does the fatigue involved put those very ardent followers of the theatre whom we call first-nighters into a right state of mind to appreciate and really to get the best out of a new play? Has not that perhaps something to do with a play having a very short run and getting a very bad newspaper editorial?" All of which is very good after-dinner talk—and uncommonly sound sense into the bargain.

BY "THE TOUT"

LOOKING AHEAD

Speculation is already rife as to who will ride the horses now being supported for the "National." Here are three whose names are coupled with early fancies for the blue riband of 'Chasing

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Sporting Days at Cannes

AFTER my racing experiences at Pau, of which I gave some account in last week's Notes, I travelled on to the Riviera and took part in some more racing at Cannes, where the season has been a great success. It is a pretty long jump from the Basses-Pyrénées to the Côte d'Azur, but the journey was worth while if only to find the Riviera flooded with generous sunshine, which was uninterrupted throughout the length of my stay. I was able to put in a couple of days on the pretty course at Mandelieu, where everything seems to be run in most efficient fashion. The popularity of the course has increased so much that the Sunday crowds are inclined to be somewhat unwieldy. Everybody makes a point of going to the races at Cannes on Sunday, but if you take my tip you will not neglect to visit the course for its mid-week fixtures. The racing is scarcely less interesting than on the big days, and you are assured of plenty of elbow-room. It was delightful to watch the horses on parade from the shade of the mimosa trees in full bloom in the paddock and to reflect on the less comfortable circumstances in which steeplechasing at home was being followed. Before proceeding to Pau I had spent a week at Biarritz, where I found a number of English people making holiday. On the whole the weather was pleasant, and the air is so invigorating that I am surprised the district is not even more popular as a winter resort. I found the old Biarritz golf course in remarkably good order, and the holes which run along the seashore are wonderfully picturesque

War Mist and the Lincoln

DURING my stay at Pau I met Mr. Dudley Gilroy, the manager of Mr. Macomber's big racing stable. He tells me we can regard War Mist as a certain competitor for the Lincolnshire Handicap, though I do not gather that a great deal is thought of his prospects of success on the Carholme. Having won the Cesarewitch twice and the Cambridgeshire once, Mr. Macomber has enjoyed reasonably good luck in his racing enterprises in England. Something is expected of his three-year-old The Hermit II in the coming season. Mr. Gilroy thinks this colt may have been a little overrated in the Free Handicap, and is inclined to question his chances in the Derby. He reckons the Two Thousand Guineas will be the right race for The Hermit II. Some readers may find it worth bearing in mind that Forseti will be a competitor for the big hurdle race at Auteuil, but that is looking a long time ahead. My inquiries in France do not lead me to suppose that any real optimism exists there as to the prospects of a French triumph in the Grand National.

Master Billie

MY first meeting since returning home was Newbury, where I was much impressed by the style in which Master Billie carried off the chief steeplechase on the opening day. This horse did not appear to be at his best last season, but he has now recovered form in no uncertain fashion. I cannot but think that he possesses a great chance of winning the Grand National with only 10 st. 8 lb. to carry. With Fred Rees on his back he will be obviously well served for jockeyship, and he has already shown that he can jump and stay the Liverpool country. You will remember that he was placed sixth behind Jack Horner two seasons ago, while last year he was leading the field when he came down four fences from the finish. The inference seems to be that, whatever horse you may back for the Grand National, you should at least save on Master Billie.

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Spring Shows

I HOPE hunting people will give their practical support to the show which is to begin at the Royal Agricultural Hall on Tuesday next. The Hunters' Improvement Society, to give its most familiar title, has done a lot of valuable work in the way of developing the breed of hunters. Followers of hounds should make a point of attending this show, even though it may mean sacrificing a day or two in the hunting field. It is understood that Their Majesties will be present on the second day of the show, while the Duke of York, who is to be the new President of the Society, will attend and present to the successful owner of the champion young hunter the Challenge Cup offered by the Prince of Wales. As usual the hunters are to be followed by the polo and riding ponies at Islington. I always regard this as one of the most interesting shows of the year, particularly as it brings to light the splendid efforts which are being made to preserve and develop the native breeds of British ponies. To the real lover of horses nothing is more picturesque than the parade of prize winners of different breeds at this annual exhibition. Here, again, I would appeal to polo players to do their best to make the show a financial success.

Jumping Foxes

THE account of a fox that jumped down 30ft. from a tree and was then hunted for two hours and a half with a point of twelve miles and seventeen miles as hounds ran, when the Prince of Wales was out recently with Col. Charles Seymour's West Norfolk pack, brings back some old memories. The latter part of this hunt was over quite an unusual line and finished in the Bawdeswell and Foxley country, where the fox was lost on the marshes.

In the Old Days

BETWEEN the years 1866 and 1872 this part of Norfolk was hunted with a pack maintained at Melton Constable, from which the Derby winner of 1885 took his name, by the Sir Jacob Delaval Astley in whose favour the title of Lord Hastings, which had been in abeyance for 450 years, was revived. Sixty years ago Bawdeswell Bell and Thursford Crawfish, which one never sees on the weekly list of hunting fixtures nowadays, were favourite meeting places from which good runs were frequently enjoyed. About Christmas time, in preference to Michaelmas, when his agricultural rents were paid, Lord Hastings, who was very popular with his tenants, used to give them an audit dinner. There are doubtless many people still living who can remember seeing Lord Hastings dashing up to the doors of the "Lion" at Fakenham, where the banquet was held, after a journey of ten miles from Melton, sometimes in deep snow, in the family chariot bearing on its panels the arms of the Constable of Melton and the motto "*Justitiæ Tenax*" drawn by four spanking grey horses standing over 16 hands, ridden by postilions wearing the Hastings livery. A picturesque and inspiring occasion such as the present unromantic and mechanical age can never provide.

Three Service Weddings

MARRIED IN HONG KONG

Central News

The group taken after the wedding in Hong Kong of Lieutenant J. de B. Wailes, R.N., and Miss Nancy Sophie Margaret Baldwin. Major-General C. C. Luard, G.O.C. China Command, who is seen in the back row, gave away the bride

Alfieri

A NAVAL WEDDING

Lieutenant J. E. Broome, R.N., the only son of Lt.-Col. Broome, of Hindhead, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Sybil Nicholas, second daughter of Admiral and Mrs. J. Nicholas, of Alverstoke. The wedding took place at St. Mary's Church, Alverstoke

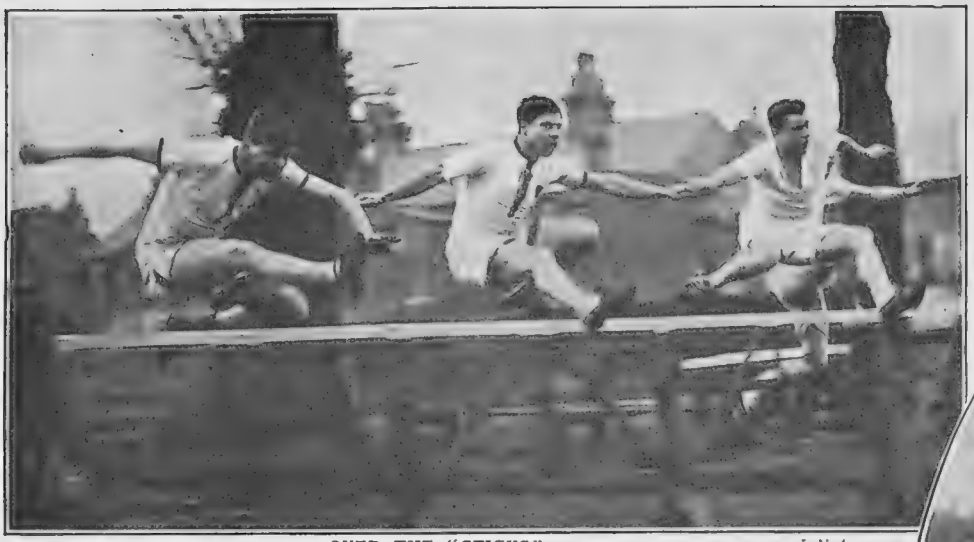
Central News

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. William Moir Matthews Duncan, of the Royal Scots, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Dorothy Janice Ayscough, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ayscough, of Wilbury, Sunningdale. The wedding took place at St. Michael's, Sunninghill

With the Camera at Cambridge

Incidents in the Inter-Collegiate Sports Photographed at Fenner's



OVER THE "STICKS" *L.N.A.*

The second heat of the 120 Yards Hurdles between Clare and St. Catharine's in progress at Fenner's. The winner of the heat, L. G. Smith, is seen nearest the camera

Photographs

IN FULL STRIDE

The 220 Yards Low Hurdle race between Magdalene and Downing. The winner was the American athlete, F. Bowen, of Magdalene, seen on the right

Sport and General

A TRIPLE VICTOR

E. W. March (Downing) winning the Half Mile against Magdalene. He achieved two other successes, winning the Mile and Three Mile races for Downing

CAMBRIDGE IS SO BRACING! *L.N.A.*

G. W. Pomeroy, who won the Long Jump for St. Catharine's, gives eloquent testimony to the invigorating qualities of the Cambridge air. He cleared 20 feet 5½ inches

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY *Sport and General*

The finish of the 100 Yards, in which the brothers Rinkel secured the first two places. The photograph shows J. W. J. Rinkel coming in first, with R. L. J. Rinkel second, and G. W. Pomeroy third. In this Inter-Collegiate meeting Clare beat St. Catharine's

VARSITY NOTES

GETTING OFF THE MARK *Topical*

Some of the competitors in the Inter-College Athletic Cup and Open Handicaps meeting at Oxford. The photograph shows a start in group 1 of the Half Mile

OXFORD

THE O.U.D.S. first night is in progress as my pen moves. And O.U.D.S. first nights have a quality of excitement that a jaded Londoner might envy. Actually he doesn't envy it, because he's probably here himself. After all, whatever may be the case at Cambridge, there are trains to Oxford. And one can dine on the train—which always seems to me a romantic thing to do, appropriate, somehow, to an elopement, or, if you can't quite rise to that, to a honeymoon. Actually there occurs neither of these events in the O.U.D.S. *The Fourteenth of July*. The nearest we can offer is the love-scene between John Fernald and Gwynned Vernon, and this can give points and a beating to either. Considered athletically, we have not administered any sensational beatings during the week. True, at hockey we beat Wimbledon by five goals to four. But Wimbledon were without their Scottish internationals, and the game was admittedly a poor one. At Rugger, in combination with Cambridge, we disposed of the Dominion students by a margin of three points, Taylor and McCanlis, of Oxford, both got useful tries at a convenient moment at the beginning of the second half. But the gale took more than its fair share of attention. It also visited the river, and quickly upset the B.N.C. boat. So that a faithful narrative of recent sports should really take the form of a wind report. But that would be poaching on the preserves of the B.B.C. And to exert their peculiar charm such things must be given *viva voce*.

At golf we were not successful against Woking. Here, again, we must record the presence of a gale and the necessity for what J. H. Taylor is pleased to call "flat-footed" golf. Our golf was not quite flat enough, either in singles or foursomes, or in singles with a modern guttie ball. However, the top pair, Oppenheimer and Bradshaw, have never kept up a higher level of play, and Oppenheimer's putting was worth my writing home about. Mallam is still watching over the Eight, and encouraging them to fight their way to Iffley against the wind. Morphett, an Australian from B.N.C., has been brought in at No. 4 in place of Arber.

Turning from water to the land, we find that the latter has been occupying the attention of the Union; occupying, indeed, the attention of Duff Dunbar, one of the few Conservative hopes, and of Dick Acland, on holiday from nursing his constituency. We also find that the Soccer match against Westminster was scratched. And finally we find that the first round of Rugger cup-ties is upon us. Balliol has, so far, beaten Merton, and so, what with these "cuppers" in progress and Torpids in sight, your time

Sport and General

A FINAL AT OXFORD

N. G. Stockton (Pembroke) photographed winning the final heat of the 100 Yards Open Handicap in 10 3-5 sec. This was in the Inter-College Cup at Oxford

Sport and General

THE PRESIDENT WINS

H. M. O'Connor (Trinity), the President of the O.U.A.C., photographed winning his heat in the Half Mile in the Inter-College Cup. His time was 2 min. 4 3-5 sec.

should be fully occupied in spotting winners. And don't pretend this prospect doesn't please you!

JINGO.

CAMBRIDGE

LAST week proved to be one of the busiest weeks of term, and "the trivial round, the common task" came out of it exceedingly badly! I myself, owing to press of engagements, was compelled to forgo several lectures, nor did I give my supervisor the attention he deserves. But perhaps I should not grumble. We have all our little sacrifices to make, and when the social whirl is heaviest we must set our teeth—must we not?—and play the game.

Well, what happened last week? On Monday, at 8.45, in the Botany School, Mr. G. I. Taylor lectured to the Philosophical Society on "Turbulent Motion in Fluids." Otherwise the round of gaiety had not begun. But on Tuesday there was the first night of *King Arthur* at the New Theatre, Dr. Rootham bobbing up and down so proud and all in the conductor's seat, and Dennis Arundell, pale and hectic, in the wings. On Wednesday the Lent races began, and off we trooped to the river, where the flower of England's young oarsmen were heroically disporting themselves, each striving to propel his boat into another's stern, and we shouting approval from the bank. On Wednesday, too, the University steeplechases at Cottenham, with gaiety, laughter, and choice fun at the Pitt Club Ball in the evening. Thursday, more Cottenham, more Lents, and the United Hunts Ball, Friday Lents, and the Footlights Ball (a *different* style of ball, my dear!); Saturday, still more Lents and a return ticket to London for the Varsity Hockey match. Altogether an exciting week.

Talking about *King Arthur* (see several paragraphs above), I hear that they had unconscionable difficulties getting the show ready for the first night. The heroine was taken ill, and the hero nearly lost an eye pierced on a wooden sword. Singers got sore throats, and the dancers influenza.

Then there was a touring company in the theatre until Saturday, and when Humphrey Jennings and his minions got to work on Tuesday half the scenery wouldn't fit. But life's little difficulties never worry Cambridge productions. It's always the same unholy rush, and yet, somehow, goodness knows how, the curtain goes up as usual.

Last week the Festival Theatre was also in difficulties on the first night. You remember the Harry Tate motoring scene in the first act of *Dr. Knock*. Well, at the first night of the Festival production, though the car succeeded in starting, and the scenery, at somewhat irregular intervals, succeeded in going past, the beautiful illusion was hampered by a full view, complete with wrist-watches, of the arms of the stage hands who turned the wheels. But the worst happened when the car started up at the end of the act, for the stage hands forgot their parts, and Dr. Parpalaid's Panhard sailed magnificently away with both wheels revolving rapidly in opposite directions. It is this sort of thing which makes one pity the poor repertory company! RAB.

By MAC

N. E. WHITING

An impression of No. 3 in the Oxford Boat. He went up to Worcester College from Radley

By JOCK

THE SECRETARY IN ACTION

G. C. Weightman Smith (Selwyn), the South African hurdler, in mid-air. He fulfils the arduous duties of Secretary of the C.U.A.C.

By JOCK

THE CAMBRIDGE SKIPPER

F. P. Dodson, the Cambridge Hockey Captain, caricatured in one of his more solemn moments. His XI gave a good account of themselves at Beckenham last Saturday

G.P.U.

AT PRACTICE

T. E. Letchworth (Downside and Christ's), who has been moved to Stroke in the Cambridge Boat. He was formerly at No. 5

The Premiere of the Olympic Winter Games

THE CANADIAN TEAM IN THE FIRST ICE HOCKEY GAME

P. and A.

B. EVENSEN (NORWAY)

Sport and General

C. THUNBERG (FINLAND)

Sport and General

Who finished in a dead-heat in the 500 Metres Speed Skating race

P. and A.

THE BRITISH TEAM MARCHING PAST THE TRIBUNE AT THE OPENING OF THE GAMES

The Olympic Winter Games at St. Moritz, on which so much care and preparation had been lavished, opened under the happiest auspices, as ideal weather conditions were prevailing all over Switzerland. Almost at once, however, a sudden change in the weather occurred and thaw and rain made several blank days inevitable

RUGGER REFLECTIONS

A WINDY BUSINESS

By PENDARVES

You cannot be in two places at the same time, and I very nearly went over to Dublin. But the wind was up at sea . . . it was said they had the worst crossing for seven years. Well, you know how it is. But there remained Twickenham and the first of the Service matches. The wind was up there, too, as it turned out. A man drove me down in what he described tersely as "a speed model," but which looked to me more like a scraped sardine tin. He would mutter at frequent intervals, "See that blighter in front? Watch me write him off." And the writing off would proceed on a greasy road laced with slithery tram-lines. We couldn't hear what the written ones said: the wind was high, you see

There is little enough of a praiseworthy nature to be said about the first of the Service contests. Neither the Royal Navy nor the Royal Air Force seems to have got much of a side this year. But the Army were completely written off by the London Scottish on the same day; so there will be a mediocre match worth seeing when Army and Navy meet on March 3. Whatever the quality of the actual football, or lack of it, these Service games are well worth watching because of the keenness and the hardness of the play.

The Navy seemed to be a much more mature side than the Air Force: this in spite of the fact that they were playing a Snottie at full-back. Young Gosling, of the Gun Room, deputising for the famous Sellar, otherwise engaged in stemming rushes in Ireland, gave an extremely good account of himself, and he will be heard of again in big football; having already acquitted himself nobly as full-back for Cornwall. The Air Force side seemed to consist of only about three or four men with any experience in the big game at all, and they did more than their share. Russell and Odbert at half, and Chichester and Adams in the pack, were the players in question. The others *scrapped* well, and that is about all one can say. Though *why* that Air Force centre three stood still, allowing an astonished Navy three to romp in with the ball for the only score, will never be known. Though on the run of the game on this pestilentially windy day the Navy deserved what they got—which was one goal to nix.

Can nothing be done about the woeful misjudgment on the part of Air Force selectors in discarding one of the best wing forwards in England, namely, Flight-Lieutenant J. S. Chick, from a team which wanted men of experience and Rugger brains in it on that day more than it has ever wanted them before? We know he does not shove in the scrum. But the Air Force had all the weight it wanted there, and a bit in hand. What it lacked, and lacked sadly, was knowledge and an eye for an opening. Johnny Chick has both to a high degree of excellence. Their mistake probably lost them this game. It is clear now why John Russell, the Air Force and Leicester scrum-half, was discarded in favour of Doughty for Scotland, in spite of the fact that he and Greenlees at stand-off are weekly partners and put up such brilliant shows on the Leicester ground. John Russell, in spite of his tremendous defensive abilities and exceptional knowledge of the game, has become just that fraction of a second late in getting the ball away and in getting his man at times: and this won't do for International football. It is not surprising in view of his age. What is astonishing is how he is able to keep going, and to be always there or thereabout through eighty minutes of ferocious first-class football as he does. It must be the simple life!

The wind really *was* up on the Dublin ground. In the first half England played in the teeth of a gale. Every credit is due to what looks like a really good side at last in that they adopted the right tactics under the circumstances. You can imagine the Irish forwards full out with a helofagale of wind behind them all through that first fearful half. And they led by a try to nil at half-time. The wind is now whistling through the English-occupied part of the stands.

It might have been worse: and would have been had Sellar and a few more of that tackling calibre not been smotheringly on the spot at intensely critical moments. The second half seems to have opened with a frenzied Irish attack, saved magnificently by Aarvold. But Ireland score again, and they are now six up, although the wind is against them. The wind in the English stand has now made everyone speechless. But an Irish back misfields the ball, and a scurry of English forwards are on him in an instant. In the dash the Irish lose their heads and the ball: Richardson takes a deep dive over the line with it, and, being shaken by the impact of his try, he fails with a sitting place kick. We are now three points to their six. The wind in the stand drops a bit.

Back come the Irish harder and more fiercely than ever, headed by Browne, Beamish and Arigho. But a steady defence prevails. Hereabouts Palmer, getting a fortuitous Cap because Devitt crocked himself the day before only, justifies his good luck by some brilliant play. Then comes a tremendous English attack, with Young, Tucker and Hanley actually held up on the line. After which Prentice throws from a line-out to Richardson: the latter steadies himself and drops a perfect goal. We lead now by one point. Breezy in the English stand, but better; glass rising. Five foul minutes to go. A one-point lead. Wind rises again. Sellar lashes out at the last moment with a gorgeous attempt at a drop from far out. The ball hits the upright and bounds back into play. The final whistle goes: and the English stand say they have never lived through such a hurricane before!

A FLYING TACKLE *Keystone*

A St. Mary's man photographed in the act of being tackled by a Bart.'s player in their recent Hospitals Cup tie at Richmond. St. Bart.'s won by 10 points to nil

Leading Rugger Clubs

BY MAC

No. 16.—THE OLD MILHILLIANS

The Old Milhillians are enjoying a most successful season and are now one of the strongest of the Old Boy Clubs. They recently defeated the Old Paulines for the first time for eight years

Produced January 24, 1928

"THE SECOND MAN" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THE idea of the Second Man is traced on the programme here to the late Lord Leighton. Dipping into the back pages of my English dictionary, however, I have come upon a phrase *alter ego,* which they tell me is Latin for one's other self. The Second Man would therefore appear to have been known to the noble Romans quite a long time ago. Nothing is said in the title about the Second Woman, perhaps because she is only one of a long procession; but we see a good deal of her in this entertaining play nevertheless. It may be that the variations of the feminine mood are not to be reckoned in mere numerals. As the French have it rather cruelly: *Souvent Femme varie: Bien fol est qui s'y fie!*

THE play has only four characters, but the telephone figures so prominently in the production that some people may think it ought to have had its place in the cast on the programme. And when the telephone is not holding the scene, the buzzer that takes the place of a front-door bell is a very active collaborator. These handy accessories, however, add dramatic force to the play with an emphasis that is effective though anonymous. The scene is a New York flat occupied by a young man named Clark Storey, who is engaged in the hazardous profession of letters. He describes himself as a writer who refuses to turn out sludge for money, and who lacks the real qualifications for highbrow literature, so that he hovers between heaven and earth in the literary ether, where dollars are too bashful to find their way.

Lenare

SPOILING THE HARMONY

Austin Lowe (Raymond Massey) finds something which drives the enjoyment of music from his mind. Mrs. Kendall Frayne (Zena Dare), not unnaturally, is perturbed by his attitude

As the curtain rises we find Mrs. Kendall Frayne, a rich and beautiful young widow, answering Mr. Storey's telephone as if she were quite at home in her surroundings. Still, nothing is known against her, and the sniff of superior virtue is therefore entirely uncalled for. Presently, Mr. Storey arrives and hopes that Mrs. Frayne is going to marry him because he has no money, while she is rich enough for both of them, and he will undertake to live well within her income. This is, of course, merely superficial cynicism. Mr. Noel Coward, who plays the part of Storey with a rare distinction, strikes the right note with a nice precision Mrs. Frayne is undecided on the marriage question, but as Storey is hard up she makes him a present

of a cheque for $500, which he lay upon the table for future reference.

THEN there is the very young and very vivacious Monica Grey, who is quite poor. She is being wooed by Austin Lowe, a young man who is engaged in scientific research, and who is so familiar with germs and bacilli that he can call them by their pet names. Apart from his scientific eminence, however, he is a very rich man, and would therefore seem, from the worldly point of view, to be a good match for the fair Monica. But his idea of offering her a rich and varied entertainment is to read to her about the amazing romance of the higher mathematics, and the glittering fascination of algebraical formulas; while Monica is looking for love and life as delineated by the popular novel and the picture theatre. Therefore she tells the broken-hearted Austin that she must terminate their engagement, as she loves Another.

THE other man, it appears, is Storey, who has been paying her marked attentions in the past with what we must charitably assume were honourable motives. Monica comes to his flat and throws herself at him literally, landing on his knees as he sits in his easy chair, and

announcing that she proposes to stay with him for a long while. Being a creature of impulse, she finds herself so desperately in love with Storey that she hazards the hope that if he should decide to ruin her, he will at least end by making an honest woman of her. A firm believer in miracles, evidently. Storey protests that he does not love her, but changing his mind he takes her in his arms and hugs her so enthusiastically that she naturally concludes that she has landed her fish. After this very moving display of intense affection, however, Storey breaks away, and begins to talk of the Second Man who is so much wiser and more sophisticated than himself; and with a rich and comely young widow in the offing it is clear that a mere penniless girl like Monica is running under a very great handicap.

A FEW WORDS *Lenare*

Lowe, the Man of Science, becomes Lowe, the Man of Action, to the evident discomfiture of Clark Storey (Noel Coward). The cause of the trouble, Monica Grey (Ursula Jeans) keeps well out of the argument

IF, however, there is a Second Storey, there are two or three Monicas. At first she is willing to marry him with or without legal formalities; but her resolution is shaken soon afterwards by the determined wooing of her rejected scientist, who has returned to the charge. And in Storey's absence from the flat for a few moments Monica catches sight of the cheque for $500 lying on his table, and reflects on the circumstance with what is known as feminine intuition, which usually means thinking the worst. Storey is not married to Mrs. Frayne, but they are very dear friends, and if he has received from her a cheque for $500, what was the consideration? The answer is in whatever kind of affirmative you choose; but Monica promptly concludes that she cannot marry a man of that sort.

STOREY has one quality in common with sailor men, he doesn't care. He goes back to his literary work, writing, as Miss Braddon did, with a pad on his knees in an armchair. It appears that after two hours of concentrated thought he has produced a single commonplace line, which rate of composition is rather slow going even for a mediocre dilettante. It reminds one of Oscar Wilde, who came down to lunch one day saying he had done a very hard morning's work. He had deleted a comma from one of his precious poems. Asked derisively if that was all the work he had done, he replied that it was not, for on mature deliberation he had replaced the comma. Storey would appear to work on the same careful lines; but Monica shows a sad lack of appreciation of his native genius till she finds him hovering about his rich young widow again. Then another of her many selves bobs up serenely, and she feels she wants Storey more than ever. So before the assembled company she invents the tremendous fiction that Storey is the father of her unborn child.

THE rich young widow frowns correctly and departs. The man of science becomes human all at once, and calls with a "gun" to shoot the betrayer of his best girl. But we are not apprehensive of the result, because it is obvious that with only four people in the cast they can't afford to lose one of their members, and the hero at that. JINGLE.

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

Stage Silhouettes

(Little Tich, *obiit* February, 1928.)

His mirth was clean, full-bodied, honest, red;
He ended where the modern mimes begin.
Of him at least it can be truly said,
One Tich of Nature made the whole world grin!

. . . . .

"Doris," inquired the pupil teacher, "who won the Battle of Waterloo?"

"Please, miss, the porters!"

. . . . .

The O.U.D.S. are producing a new play this month. Wordsworth anticipated this when he nearly wrote "But trailing O.U.D.S. of glory do we come."

. . . .

Certain dogs are showing traces of a new disease, the chief symptoms being white spots. Our taste, however, for blanc-mange need not be curtailed.

. . . .

A Surbiton burglar, before beginning operations, carefully drew the curtains. Probably he did this as a blind.

. . . .

"I do not," remarked the dentist, "describe her as a beauty, but she is certainly a model of crown-and-bridge work."

. . . .

"I don't think there is any cause for nervousness, but haven't you got a regular doctor?"

"No, sir; but I'm on the panic."

. . . .

What the English skipper said to the South African captain: "You're a better man than I am, Gunga 'Deane.'"

Heard on the 'Bus

And I give 'er sech a look!

. . .

I said to the manager, "My salary is thirty pounds a week. Take it or leave it."

"What did he say?"

"Leave it!"

. . .

Missus wants me to use the scales. So I says, firm-like, "No, I allus takes an 'andful of this and an 'andful of that, and judges according."

. . .

"You never heard such a row as there was last night down our court. Mrs. 'Obbs called our Lil out of 'er name, and the Collins's took it up."

. . .

"Money talks, you know."

"Well, it only whispers to me."

. . .

"My boy's at the top of his form."

"Ah, I don't hold with this 'class' legislation."

. . .

"Well, all I can say is she's been a good 'usband to 'im."

. . .

"I was hitting the deuce of a long ball. I went round in seventy-three."

"Funny; that was the year before I was born."

The Better Part

(A writer declares that many of our classics need re-writing.)

'Twould seem without a careless doubt
Our classics now should be re-writ;
We must dismiss "Bleak House" as nowt,
And play the Dickens with its wit.
Also, some clever experts vote some hack erase
Many a line of Mr. Makepeace Thackeray's.

To Shelley now we don't give rank,
To Shakspere give no benison;
Nor (once again) in fervour plank
Great Tennyson our pennies on.
And we, perforce, must change those simple, raw lays
Known in those days of yore'dom as Macaulay's.

I know that cranks will have their say,
Declare that "Romeo's" no more pure;
That "Homer's" had his fitful day;
That "Omar" will no more endure-
That he who told the poor old Hesperus' wreck,
Unless re-sung, will get it in the neck!

There is a certain book to-day
Round which a controversy's ranging
And there are earnest folk who say
That it undoubtedly wants changing
Some think, though, in spite of hones pleading,
It doesn't want re-writing—but r reading!

By Graham Simmons

HEAD WORK

Visitor: "How do you know that's my hat, boy?"
Cloak Room Boy: "I don't know, sir. I only know it's the one you gave me!"

BY WILL OWEN

THE CHESTNUT

"Judith of Israel": London's New Biblical Play

THE FAITH THAT MOVES MOUNTAINS

A striking scene from "Judith of Israel," the Biblical play by Emanuel de Marnay Baruch, in which Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson opened at the Strand Theatre last Wednesday. In answer to the prayers of Judith (Sybil Thorndike) the sight of her blind mother, Leah, is miraculously restored

BEFORE THE DEPARTURE

The High Priest Joacim (J. Fisher White) blessing Judith (Sybil Thorndike) on the steps of the Temple. An incident prior to Judith's departure to intercede on behalf of her people with the King of Assyria

Express Photos

THE RETURN

Judith (Sybil Thorndike) attempts to appease the jealousy of her lover, Joel (John Laurie), on her return from the Assyrians. Joel is holding the head of Arrophernes

NIGHT LIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. XII—PHILOSOPHY IN PICCADILLY

"The dinner here . . . . proceeds deftly and comfortably to its mellow end"

THERE are times when dining people want quite a lot of space in which to be secretively intimate. People, for instance, like that discerning man over there, up from Manchester, who wants to do his Berlin agent rather well and at the same time give him some comprehensive instructions "on the quiet." That engaged couple in the far corner, one of whom has been buying trousseau all day and is tired out, but who on rejoining a waiting mother presently will revive completely, because both the twin beds in their room at the Park Lane will be heaped with cardboard boxes. The dear old couple occupying silently a very front row table, presently to fox-trot gravely on their toes, holding each other a long way off, but enjoying themselves with all the exuberance possible to the human frame at sixty. All these Piccadilly Hotel people would abhor one of the more dashing, over-crowded places. It is not their style.

While Howard and I sat philosophising in that big oak-lined room under the little pink-tipped lights the other night—he sketching busily, to the alert delight of a demonstrative damsel hard by, who thought (poor darling) he was sketching her—it seemed to me that here was a room in the midst of the conflagration of all our night lights that will probably always blaze pretty successfully for one most excellent reason. In the big tea and cocktail lounge adjoining, and in the hall of rendezvous beyond that, more people have seen each other suddenly after a spell of years than in almost any other place in London. Men buried in Bechuanaland and women hewing in Singapore have a way of drifting into the Piccadilly and being confronted almost instantly by apparitions who rise and exclaim, "Well, I'm *dashed!* surely it's . . . . But how *are* you?" For that reason, if for no other, this ground floor dining-room will always be a sort of lighthouse to the would-be Londoner, who steers almost unconsciously towards it when home from the dreary places where the right kind of night lights never burn.

But there is another reason. Unlike certain other hotels of a pre-war vogue, the Piccadilly has kept itself abreast of the changing mode and moods of diners. The vast majority of people nowa-nights, whether they come from round the corner or across the world, refuse to sit in large rooms through long dinners, listening to the sound of each other's voices and to nothing else. Now the Piccadilly gives you—when you have had time to appreciate the thoroughly French dinner, cooked and served and fondled by Italians in this thoroughly English place—a turn or two and a dance or two. The turn may be merely an Australian miner's imitations of the call of birds; or a boy juggling fiendishly with coloured balls; or a man in pink tights slinging a woman, in practically no tights, round his head as if she were a wooden Indian club—she looks anything but that—but whatever it is you may be sure it will be worth watching; and, if you are *really* kind to your hard-working fellow creatures, worth clapping. So that the dinner here in the great wide room proceeds deftly and comfortably to its mellow end.

There would not be quite the same ultimate mellowness and *bonhomie* here that you will find, most refreshingly, towards the end of dinners were it not for the comforting personality of Benini. Since the day, twenty years ago, when he participated in the comparatively humble capacity of a wine waiter in white gloves at the restaurant's opening ceremony, the smiling Benini has arisen here, on the merit of his manners, to the highly important position of *Chargé d'Affaires*. You have to be Somebody now if you want your "*Sole Peecadeeli*" baptised by his own hands on the flaming dish at the side table. Incidentally, the car he is now driven home in at night cost far more than the one I dodge about in. However, the first thing a dining woman wants is the right kind of attention from the waiter—you sit in a secondary place if you only knew. It is because men like Benini and his brother diplomats about the West End have studied so meticulously the lore of the ladies over the years that they are wearing those expensive dress shirts and white waistcoats to-night. But they have paid a heavy price for their jobs, so long may they hold them. And if you only knew the amount of money that was taken in this room last year under his *régime*. . . . But I dare not tell you: you would say I was exaggerating grossly.

There is another man who, having been a Chief of Staff to "Jacoby" in the Piccadilly Grill Room for many years, until the latter rose to the dizzy heights of General Management, has now become a *Chargé d'Affaires* himself elsewhere. It came about this way. Two hundred and twenty-eight years ago Mr. Abraham Hatchett, having recently acquired that very prosperous tavern in Piccadilly where the mail coaches pulled up, found himself at issue with his wife as to the choice of a new name for the place. She wanted to call

it the " Angel With One Wing," or the " Hen and Chickens," or some feminine foolishness of that sort. However, he climbed ponderously into the saddle outside the tavern door, with the philosophy that comes to much-married men at times, and trotted off on his white horse to Ludgate Hill to see after some parcels which had come by the pack-horses from Yorkshire.

Jogging back along Fleet Street Hatchett's eye was much taken by the points of a bay ridden by a portly gentleman on the road. They fell into equine conversation, as good men did in those days; and finally Abraham was induced to trot his white horse against the bay for a wager of five guineas. " As far as my place in Piccadilly," said Hatchett, " and no further, for I am laden with many packages." Abraham was a length ahead at the Golden Cross, flinging hooffuls of mud delightedly into the stranger's face. Up Haymarket he led by only a yard, both horses labouring heavily. Reaching Piccadilly they drew level: but the bay dropped back, spent; and Hatchett pulled up at his tavern door, hands down and highly pleased.

" That's five guineas I've won," he panted, dismounting.

" And well won too," said the other. " I will send you the money to-night." And with that and a grave salute he rode off.

History does not tell us what old Abraham actually *said* as he watched the tail of his adversary's horse disappearing towards the quagmires of Knightsbridge Green: but no doubt the purport of it was much the same as would be ours to-day.

That same evening Abraham was describing the race in the front parlour of his hostelry to an admiring audience, who were drinking at his expense, when a groom in livery arrived at the window inquiring for " the old man with a red waistcoat who keeps a white horse in Piccadilly "; adding that he was " from Lord M——, who is Master of the Horse to His Majesty at Windsor, with five guineas to the owner of the horse that won this forenoon.

" Ha! " said Mrs. Hatchett, pocketing the guineas, " and the ' White Horse Hotel ' it shall be from this day."

This was greeted with a general roar of approval, and no doubt another round at Abraham Hatchett's expense.

And here we are sitting in those same " White Horse " cellars at Hatchett's to-night. But although our landlord, Dante Marasi, is a jovial Italian: our dinner French: our music American: our wine German: and although a horseless vehicle brought us noiselessly to that famous coaching door, and will presently glide with us smoothly along the shimmering Piccadilly road to another night haunt—yet the atmosphere (do what Dante will in his inferno of refurnishing) remains to me always a most intriguing one, because of its piquant past.

It was here that men swallowed the last hasty tankard of ale before setting out on their three days' cold coach ride to Exeter. Hither came timid women, shrouded in their hooded cloaks and hoop-petticoats, cramped with their close imprisonment for four days inside the coach from Plymouth, paying three pounds for their seat in it. In these parlours the talk was all of the points of a horse or a pugilist; of the latest duel in Hyde Park, and what the pretty lady concerned had said about it all, according to her serving maid. . . .

The start of a three days' cold coach ride to Exeter

Immersed in mental pictures of Piccadilly's great past, I seek some place where men are now as they were then. And I almost find it. " The Kind Dragon " they call this club—why, the dark heaven above alone knows. You pay off your taxi in St. Martin's Lane before a wicked-looking iron gate. Your lady may whisper at this point, " I say, darling, do you think it is all right? I mean . . ." And she will peer anxiously into impenetrable gloom beyond. Whereupon two gentlemen in furry tall hats, red waistcoats, and knee breeches will emerge into the foreground *with a Sedan chair* for her! Into which she will sink with a little scream of delight. Into one of London's unknown courtyards, up an outside iron staircase into an early eighteenth century room, where the *mise en scène* is of long clay pipes and old oak beams, and a bar for beer and brotherly benevolence. They say it was Chippendale's old workshop. They show you the actual beam to which his cabinet-making lathe was fixed. And who are we to gainsay them?

But Chippendale or not: Sedan chair or super-sports model: lumbering coach or slinking limousine, here let brotherly love continue. For it is a club with an atmosphere of sincerity and great charm and little cost. So long may it live, hidden away coyly at the back of theatreland, whose workers are its chief patrons. And here a woman's voice breaks bleakly into my meditation.

" Say, baby, cut out the sob stuff and put over one of those cute lil' gaspers I'm crazy about." . . .

She shows silken knees as she sits: and a shaven neck: and a great knowledge of her world of men and matters.

And I want awfully to show her to Mrs. Abraham Hatchett.

I so wonder just what she would say?

E. P. L.-B.

From Our Green Room Gallery

Janet Jevons

MISS GILLIAN LIND

The charming young actress who is playing in "A Man with Red Hair." This is the dramatised version of Hugh Walpole's "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair," which is being produced at the Little Theatre on February 27

"THE REA

From the greyhound's point of view the electric hare must afford a tame sport compared with the scents and animal lusts of th

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

EAL THING"

the real chase. Here are seen two Waterloo Cup candidates taking a swift turn at Altcar during this greatest of all coursing events

Alexander B. Beattie

WAITING FOR HIM

A scene which will be familiar on the Scottish rivers now that salmon fishing has started again. A sulking salmon has been hooked and the fishermen are experiencing the breathless minutes before gaffing him

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

Mes Amis,

M. Chiappe, the Corsican Prefect of Police of Paris, possesses the peculiarity of physically resembling Punch and revelling in "punch." One feels an "urge" to say that he resembles mercy, in being twice-blessed, but it is really an inapt "urge," as, while there is no doubt much of the blessed about his giving of "punch," I am sure there is little of the blessed about the receiving thereof. Those who have felt M. Chiappe's "punch" say it is hard, very hard, harder than the seats in the third-class carriages of French railways—and nothing had been hitherto known which could compare with that outside edge of extremes.

Well, one after another, various sections of the exceedingly mixed Parisian populace—each one of which would have preferred to rest among the great unknown so far as the police is concerned—have felt the weight of the little Napoleon's striking power. With the advent of Spring it is to be the turn of the street-guides, those guides who, in the most extraordinary English ever heard before or after dark—mostly after—insist on leading you to "naughty" places, which might hold a certain attraction of curiosity if it were not for the repelling looks of the self-proposed pilots.

I hope that M. Chiappe's *bâton* will prove as efficacious in scattering these shady gentry to the offside slopes of the Carpathians or the *bas fonds* of Odessa—which seems to be their principal home-town, as it has been in regard to other undesirables—for there is no more unpleasant *tache* on the Boulevards than that created by these profiteers in the unwary. And we have a special interest in their suppression, as they concentrate on the English-speaking tourist as the most-preferred, because most-profitable, victim.

I used to think they did possess one attribute of intelligence in that they unfailingly addressed an Englishman or an American in English, but one evening I happened to be walking with three young Frenchmen and, as they addressed them in English, it became obvious that they made their proposals always in English, on the theory that they would be bound to be right sometimes. Now, it appears likely that they will have to learn another language, the language of hard work, for if they should be sent back to their home towns they are not likely to find any gullible Anglo-American tourists in those insalubrious quarters.

"A young married couple from Greenwich Village"

"The peculiarity of physically resembling Punch"

Apropos of peculiar accents on foreign tongues, Paris theatrical circles are vastly enjoying a story that has just come along concerning Ernest Van Duren, the dancer with the torso of a gladiator who spins about the Parisian favourite, Edmonde Guy, as if she were about the weight of a tennis ball. Van Duren, we have been surprised to learn, was brought up in England, and thus has a touch of an English accent flavouring the numerous foreign languages which he fluently employs.

This accent led him into an experience which irritated him immensely at its commencement. He was at Budapest and, as Hungarian is included in his *répertoire* of tongues, he was inquiring from a resident the way to a particular street, with all the confidence of a seasoned traveller who can talk like a native. But the Hungarian replied to his query, in a rather disagreeable tone, "I don't understand German." Had he but said "I don't understand English" it might not have seemed so bad, but in that form it threw Van Duren into a

fury. However, it brought to his mind the prime oath of the Hungarian language, and he immediately employed it. The native understood — and vanished. Van Duren felt reassured about his knowledge of Hungarian.

"The native vanished"

THERE was just one yarn about Prohibition remaining to be told. Having heard all the others — American tourists in Paris cannot be held off the subject, however many times you may say, "King Charles's head" — we were waiting for this one, waiting with a certain amount of interest, it may be confessed, as it was so long in arriving. As might be expected, we heard it in Montparnasse — formerly on the fringe of the *Quartier Latin,* but now partitioned between Americans and Swedes.

THE principals were a young married couple from Greenwich Village, Noo Yark, the very heart of the spreading cocktail-party realm. They complained that they could not make their cocktails satisfactorily here on account of "the poor stuff which they sell in Paris as gin." Honest gin direct from Holland inferior to the synthetic stuff bootlegged around New York! Sapristi! Name of a name! Name of a Dog! And all the other French expressions of bewilderment and consternation. But there was no lack of sincerity about the Greenwich Villagers. They bought some alcohol and juniper essence and concocted their own "gin." And we are thoroughly convinced now that people can drink rubbish so long that they not merely put up with it but prefer it. We had felt an undercurrent of doubt as to whether this missing yarn of Prohibition could ever materialise. But there it is. There is nothing more to be said about Prohibition.

"It is to be the turn of the street-guides"

PARIS becomes more and more the city of the two-job man—or woman. It is quaint that the Gay City, of all places, should contract this affliction, for it used to be supreme in passing a veil over such secondary matters as work, and there was not the faintest hope of persuading a Parisian to do a job if he could possibly say that it did not come within his *métier.* But now things have gone to the other extreme, and, really, you have to be most cautious in your remarks.

ONE of the most astonishing sides of this new development is that the most numerous among the two-job operators are the *étoile* of the Paris stage, the "headliners" who, to judge from the depth of lettering on the playbills, would be presumed, by the *citoyen moyen,* to be earning enough francs in a month to keep them till they were centenarians. Yet, apparently, these *vedettes* have the impression that there is an element of insecurity about the theatre and they are providing for the future by engaging simultaneously in *le commerce.* Suppose, *par exemple,* you might be chatting with Maurice Chevalier about motor cars and you mentioned that you did not feel quite satisfied about the wearing capabilities of your tyres, you can safely expect Maurice to offer to "put you in" a better set at a *prix d'ami,* for Chevalier owns and runs a big garage along with two other well-known comedians. Eddy Debray, the actor, will be prepared to execute for you any sort of real-estate transaction between performances, and the baritone Jysor is so capable in his second line, insurance, that he is at the head of the company

IT would be easily possible to give thirty to forty names of eminent theatrical people of Paris who lead a "double" life of this sort, but, on a plane above them all, stands Mlle. Mistinguett. "Miss," the queen of the music-hall, may also be described as a captain of industry. The businesses she runs, shops and tea-shops, are beyond count. No wonder she smiles at life.

RENÉ.

A Portrait from Theatreland

Pauline Portraits

MISS HELEN GILLILAND

Who takes lead in "Lady Mary," the new musical play which it is hoped will enjoy a long run at Daly's. The play has had a successful "try-out" in the provinces

In Saddle and Paddock: Racing Folk

Sport and Gen.

A CLEARANCE SAIL

Three of the runners in the Guest Hall Selling Hurdle Race taking one of the jumps in good styie. Hairy (F. Rees up), seen in the centre, won for Mr. D. M. G[illegible]t, beating the favourite, Fathallah, by three lengths

News Illus.

MR. DOUGLAS PREVITE AND MISS PREVITE

Brit. Illus.

LADY IRENE CUBITT, CAPT. CUBITT AND LADY CAMDEN

Brit. Illus.

MISS BONIFACE AND LADY DECIES

who Forgathered at Lingfield Park

Central Press

THE LAST FENCE

Lady M. McCalmont's Amberwave, the winner, leading Great Span in the Troytown Handicap 'Chase. J. O'Brien was up

Central Press

WITH THE FAVOURITE NOWHERE

The field photographed at the last jump in the Trespasser Handicap Hurdle, with the winner, Lacock (H. Graves up), leading. Starting at 11 to 4 against, Lacock just got home for his owner, Mr. J. Baylis, beating Mr. J. Keep's Rosecomb (A. Smyth up) by a head

Alfieri

LORD HOWARD OF GLOSSOP AND LADY BEAUMONT

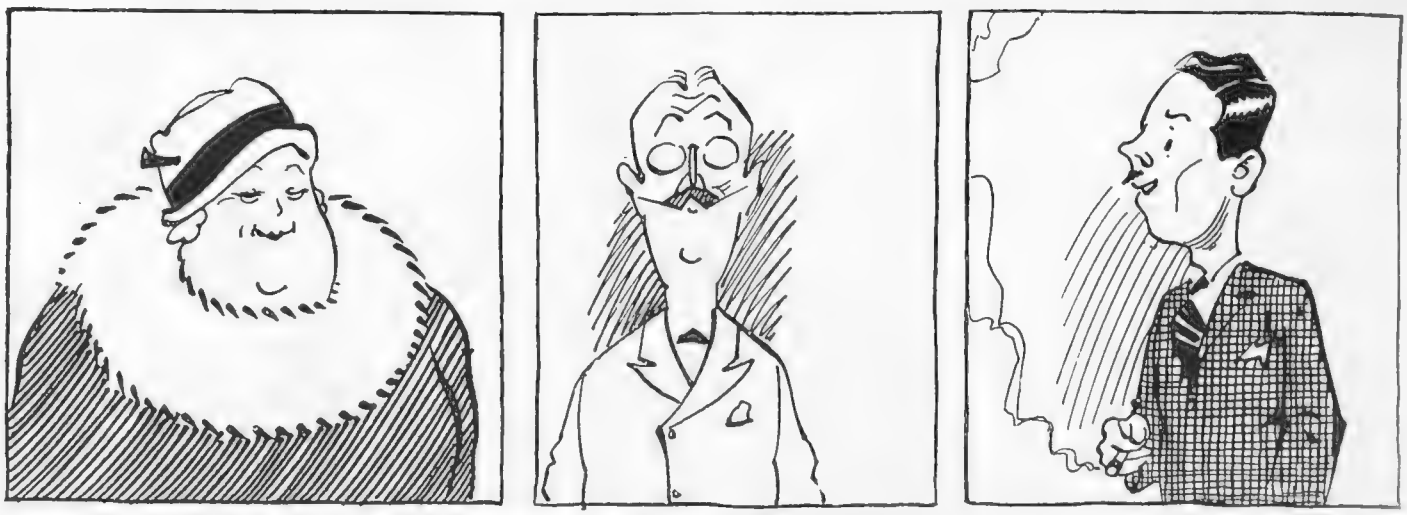
Brit. Illus.

LADY CHESHAM

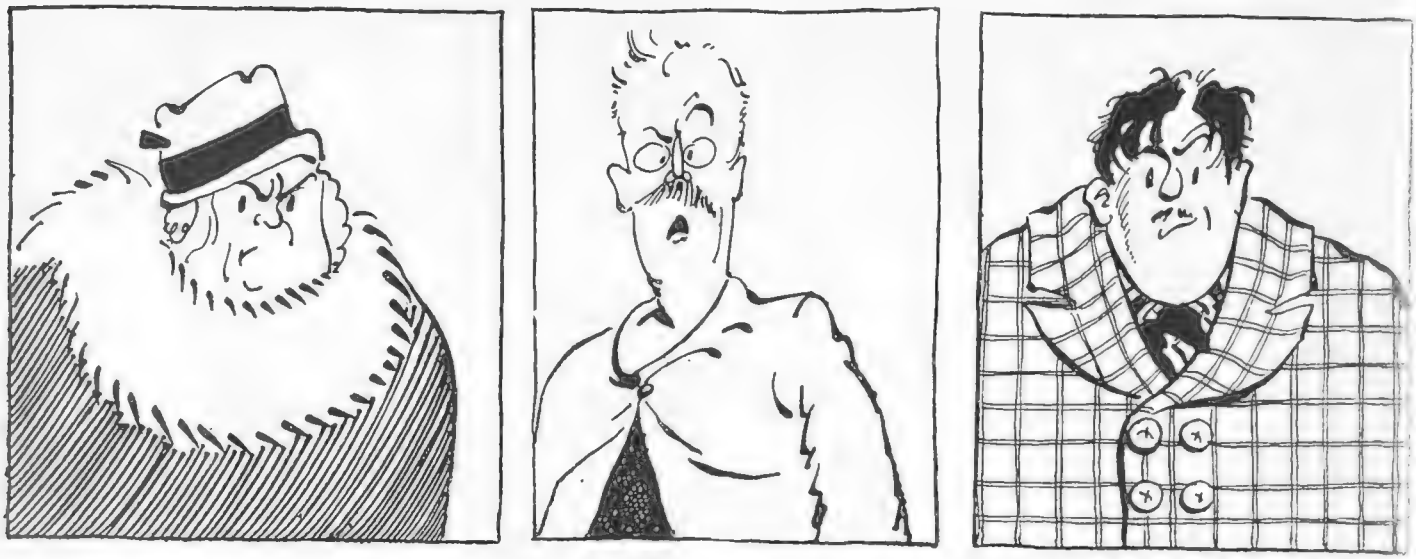
Brit. Illus.

MRS. THEODORE LLOYD, LADY SNAGGE AND MISS BETTY SNAGGE

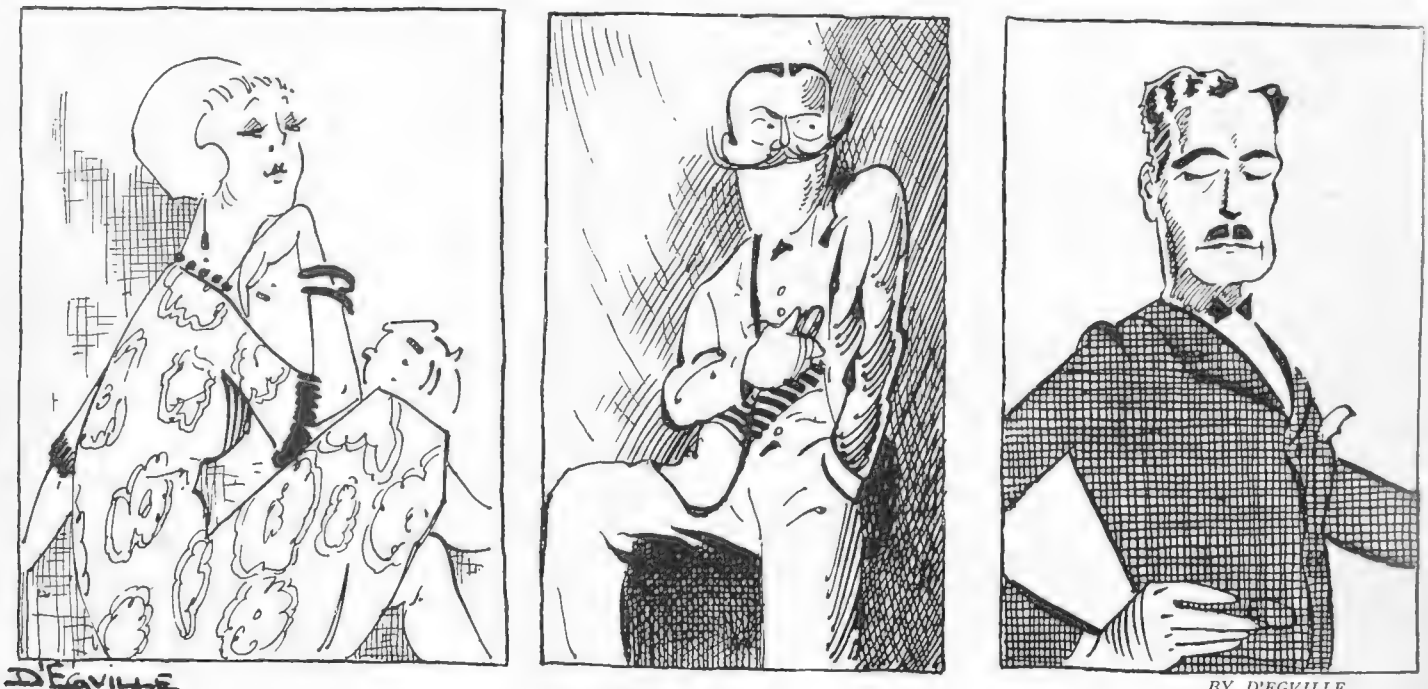
We Often Wonder—



why people who look like this ordinarily——



manage to look like this on their passports——



and like this on our mantelpieces

BY D'EGVILLE

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"'I shall go to Paree and pervorm a dom good time'"

Most Dear Hon. Bystanders,

I did not trust to suppose that my so humble but brilliant endeavourings to adequately assist tyroes and suchly rusticates to see gay Paree and successfully acquire a Parisian tongue, would suffice to immediately evoke a so stupendous *fureur*. It are almost so good as a non-exaggeration to say that countlessly innumerous letters have swamped me from all the most non-expected ¼s of the globe. For instants, Hon. gent who domiciles in Somerset (which are so noted for its Devonshire cyder beverage) writes:

"Hon. Zur:—Thiccy letter are to inform as to how enormouzly uz enjoyed you'm article on Paree, which zum on us had not ever heard tell on bevore. If I wins t'ploughing combat coom thiccy Spring, I shall go to Paree and pervorm dom good time, also t'missus and kids. After reading of saidly article, it seems like it baint no more trouble nor penze than going to Taunton. But uz wish as how you'm would start a skhool for taching ruztic volk like I the way to spake them vurrin tongues. We'm larned the French words what ou'm guv last week, but they'm baint nough. — Yrs. rezpectfully, Amos iles."

I shall quote only 1 more tter. It are from Hon. Duke —:

"Dear Mr. Hama:—I are a ery old Oxford and Eton per-n, but notwithstandingly my Upper 10 educations, I was ntirely non-able to speak rench before reading your so illiant expoundings in Hon. Bystander. You have non-oubtedly hit the correct nail nd will cause 100s of 1,000s of persons to aim blessings on your head. I sincerely trust to goodness that you will invent a language by correspondents school and thusly permit innumerous educationless persons to reap the so ripe benefits of your non-paralleled genius for depicting tongues. I imbeg to enclose 6d as a mark of my appreciations.—Your so sincere admirer, the Duke of —."

Thusly, enormously *contre* to my own privy wishes, I are almost so good as forced to immediately start a correspondents course of languages, lingoes and other dialects for tyroes and bucolics. I are now performing negotiatings with Hon. Editor to advance me some cashes and if saidly *pourparlers* arrive to a happy issue, I shall appoint Hon. Bystander to be my official organs. Mr. Okun Ingamai (whose illustration depictions in several lingoes prove to show he are a master of pictorial dialects) are only 1 of the so brilliant *troupe* which will be adhered to THE YOGOAMAI SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENTS LINGOES. (Patent applied for.) I trust to also hope that Hon. Editor will purvey us some lecturings on the Riviera tongues, and other Hon. members of the staff will depict lessons on Swiss and Engelbergen. The school will be entirely under my personal supervisions and families will be especially catered for in all their branches.

"'Entirely non-able to speak French'"

I hope to before not so very long impublish a prospectus of this epochal and shattering scheme, thusly permitting all Hon. Bystanders to lucratively acquire shares at almost less as cost price, and to presently share the so enormous profits and assets which will non-doubtfully accrue. Re concerning this, a very special correspondent of Hon *Investors' Gazette* in a leadings article, says:

"My attentions have been called to an advance prospectus of The Yogoamai School of Lingoes by Correspondents, and I venture to boldly prognose that persons putting their dibs in same, need not ever worry about them any more. Prof. Y. Hama, Mus. Bac; C.O.D.; I.D.B. (Oxtab.) are disputelessly 1 of the brilliantest linguistics of the age and a genius of the 1-st waters. We gather to understand that Prof. Hama will enjoy a brilliant staff, including Dr. O. Ingamai, R.S.V.P., who will purvey illustrations of various pronunciations. (Saidly O. Ingamai, it are interesting to inform, succeeded to be 'discovered' by Prof. Hama when exposing coloured depictions of herrings, salmons and other still lifes under the title of 'All my own Work' on the Thames Embankment.)

"We do not hesitate to doubt that, under these so brilliant auspectics, this scheme will turn itself out to be an 18 carrots rolled-gold investment, suitable for widows, orphants, parsonages and other innocent

and pure-minded persons who live for only non-carnal assets. We think it are more surer as eggs that 'Yogs' *ord. pref* and *def* (as they will non-doubtlessly grow to be affectionately called) will perform enormous booms under the talented directions of Prof. Hama whose name are alone sufficient to conjure with."

"Scholasticus," writing in *The Breeders' Journal*, says:

"A new era in tongues are prognosed by The Yogoamai School of Lingoes just patented by the so celebrated and world-wide Prof. Y. Hama, F.O.B.; Q.E.D. and N.B.G. (Cantox.) and Mr. O. Ingamai, I.O.G.T; I.O.U. and M.I.C.E. (Borst.) This new patent method are said to be entirely painless and can be impumped into even the most delicate infantine with not any fear of producing fits or other spasms. Prof. Hama are, of course, the so brilliant leaders-writer and lingoes expert of Hon. BYSTANDER, and it are his so elegant proses and squenchless eloquents which has knocked other writing persons into cocked-hats and caused saidly journal to become a so enormous political and educational influents. With his so approachless genius and dazzling talents at its head, we do not doubt to believe that The Yogoamai system will cause Grt. Brittons to swiftly possess a number of tongues, instead of only 1."

"'Cause Grt. Brittons to swiftly possess a number of tongues'"

Writing in *Teaching Tattle*, a correspondent says:

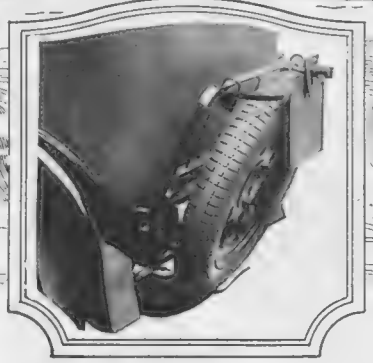
"The establishments by Prof. Y. Hama of the Yogoamai Lingo courses, blows the death-knell of us teaching persons and the more sooner we seek to find work, the more better for us. At less as 1 stroke, this great intellect has succeeded to invent how to speak lingoes with not any pains and to suit all pockets, thusly taking the bread and other perks out of our teeth. Thusly the outlooks for ped and suchly gogs are so black as my hat and the very *vice versa* of roseish. Our only hope are that Prof. Hama, who are so merciful as he are brilliant, will see the awful plights we are threatened to be in, and non-pursue his efforts to purvey lingoes at less as cost price. Should it not be a nobbish idea to respectfully purvey a petition to Editor of Hon. BYSTANDER, imbegging him to immediately use his influents to cork up Prof. Hama before it are too late?"

Yogo Hama

Stage Photo Co.

"PIECES OF EIGHT"

The Hippodrome Eight photographed in one of their special dancing acts. They form one of the brightest features of that cheery Princes Theatre show, "Bits and Pieces"



The 10/25 h.p. Rover is a very completely equipped car. Above is shown the folding luggage grid—one of the many good features of this famous model.

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with a 10/25 h.p. Rover—the full size car that costs least to run. The luxurious body is no less than 48 ins. wide inside, with seating upholstery in best leather, yet the car costs only 1½d. a mile to run, and you can carry four persons in utter comfort for that! Full details of running costs are given in the new folder—just drop a line *now* to Coventry or New Bond Street and find out all about the "Nippy Ten"—the car that makes owners enthusiastic.

NOTE.—There are also 16/50 h.p. and Two-litre Six-cylinder Rover models, at prices from £410 to £625.

ROVER

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A RIVIERA POLO "DERBY"

A general view of the recent polo match at Cannes between the Swallows and Scarlet Runners. This was for the Prix du Cercle Nautique

The Riviera Week by Week

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

KING CARNIVAL duly made his triumphal and rather riotous entry into Nice as advertised, and his *cortège* certainly came fully up to the general expectations. It took the form of a pageant comprising reproductions of notable chariots and groups of grotesque figures from the carnivals of the last fifty years, and tradition being strong in these matters it was interesting to observe how little the carnival style of humour had changed in half a century. There is nothing very subtle about it, though topical events play their part in the show every year. The decorations and illuminations are on a magnificent scale, and during the next few weeks Nice will be thronged with visitors from all parts anxious to see the fun.

AMONG the many arrivals in Nice is Prince Wilhelm, younger son of the King of Sweden, and as the latter has already arrived in Rome to see the Queen, who is wintering there, we shall no doubt soon see him on the local tennis courts as usual. Prince Gustav Adolf, son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, is also expected here shortly after his visit to England, and will probably stay with his grandfather, the Duke of Connaught, so Stockholm will be well represented on the Riviera this season.

ONE of the prettiest festivals in the South is the naval Battle of Flowers at Villefranche, and the quaint little harbour makes a perfect frame for the procession of decorated boats in the afternoon and for the general illuminations and torchlight procession ashore at night. The French Mediterranean squadron now anchored in the harbour, with its brilliant searchlights, adds immensely to the fine effect.

CANNES has just had an exceptionally strenuous week. Fortunately brilliant weather made it possible to enjoy all the outdoor festivals. The Battle of Flowers went off very well, although there were fewer entries than usual. The Beau-Site car, always so large that it has to be steered delicately into the town and is generally the last to arrive, this year comprised a representation of the almost-forgotten Flip-Flap, which was once a popular mechanical thriller at the White City. The Dolly Sisters, who manage to keep in the public eye all the time this winter, either with alarming medical bulletins, or stories of fabulous luck in the baccarat room, or rumours of huge purchases of real jewellery, drove around the track in a very floral carriage, both dressed in white with small white feather helmets, and had a broad smile for every Press photographer. The handsomest girls in the whole procession were three members of Lady Boot's house-party at the Villa Springland—Miss Elisabeth Church, of Nottingham, Miss Barbara Horder, daughter of Mr. Morley Horder, the noted architect, and Miss Norah Guiton. They were prettily dressed in white with yellow trimmings, to harmonise with the fine display of mimosa and yellow lilies which covered their Rolls-Royce, and entered so thoroughly into the fun of the afternoon that someone christened them the Jolly Sisters. Other notable cars were sent by the Grand Hotel, the Victoria Hotel, and local military garrisons.

Photographs *Central Press*

COUNT J. DE MADRE

Photographed at the polo match between the Swallows and Scarlet Runners at Cannes. Count J. de Madre is one of the best known polo players of to-day

FACING THE CAMERA AT CANNES

Mrs. Sydney Van Den Berg and Signor Muller photographed during the polo match between the Swallows and Scarlet Runners at Cannes. The Riviera polo season is now in full stride

THE previous night there had been a gala at the Ambassadeurs, at which the Dolly Sisters made their one and only public performance on the Riviera stage this season. They were ably assisted by Hal Sherman, who was in his best form and caused roars of laughter, and the proceeds of the gala were handed over to charity. Two nights later there was a special performance of Offenbach's well-worn opera, *La Fille du Tambour-Major*, with a special cast and a fashionable audience, this time in aid of the French Red Cross

funds. Another big *fête* was the *concours d'élégance en automobile*, which brought out such a large crowd of beautiful cars with beautiful ladies in them that the unfortunate jury had a terrible task to select winners. The hundred and fifty entries included a number of magnificent Rolls-Royces, several Daimlers, a very handsome sporting Bentley, driven by Major Eric Loder, and other English cars, and it took all the afternoon to inspect them. Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece, who are on a visit to Margaret Lady Waterlow, were among those present on the jury tribune.

RECENT arrivals in Cannes include Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jameson, the latter a sister of the late Earl Haig, and with them is his brother, Captain John Haig, also staying at the Hôtel Bellevue. The King and Queen of Denmark are comfortably installed at the Hôtel des Pins, and it was with some amusement that we observed the King had brought his bicycle. This is a form of transport not often used by our visitors, but King Christian seems to like it. His relatives, Prince and Princess Christian of Hesse, would have met him on arrival, but they happen to be laid up temporarily with a touch of influenza. Sir Donald and Lady Maclean have arrived on a visit to Sir Jesse and Lady Boot. The Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Rachel Howard are expected in the town in a few days. Sir Cecil and Lady Neumann are at the Grand Hotel, and Sir Vincent and Lady Caillard are at the Carlton. I also ran into Sir Laming and Lady Worthington-Evans and their daughter at the Carlton, but found they had arrived that morning at Marseilles on their way home from their tour in India and were only spending the week-end in Cannes. Sir Laming generally takes part in some of our local tennis tournaments, and seemed sorry he could not stay more than a few days.

Central Press

AT MONT AGEL

Sir William Yarworth Jones photographed on the course at Mont Agel. This is the famous golf club lying above Monte Carlo

Central Press

THE RISING GENERATION

An unusual Baby Show, which was one of the features of the parade during the recent Carnival at Nice. The bright sunshine added greatly to the success of this the fiftieth anniversary of King Carnival's reign

Marc Le Noir

AT ANCHOR

Comtesse Zborowska faces the camera boarding party with equanimity. The photograph was taken on board her yacht Grey Mist in the harbour at Cannes

"M. LE GOURMAND" *Central Press*

One of the grotesque figures in the procession during the Nice Carnival. Judging by the bed and "human" occupant he is holding, "quantity rather than quality" in things gastronomic appears to be his motto

MANY of the smart cabarets are doing excellent business just now, and a new one is to be opened this week at Juan-les-Pins. This is the Pre-Catalan, which has been taken over and entirely re-arranged by two British residents in the district, Major Wivell and Major Isherwood, and from preliminary accounts it ought to leap into favour.

D. W. T.

Taking Ourselves Seriously—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"But it does show Mary"

LONDON, *Feb.* 20.

DEAR COUSIN,

ISN'T is wonderful how quite a lot of us take ourselves and each other just too terribly seriously in this—if you look at it in the right way—I'm sure, properly lightsome and truly somewhat amusing world of ours? Wherein there's such a lot of work to be done, also sleep, which likewise takes up precious time, that you'd think those few spare hours that are over out of the paltry twenty-four 'd be more or less wholeheartedly devoted to *Wein, Weib und Gesang,* so to speak, or whatever else of pleasant frivolity there happens to be going, according to taste and sex. But no, dear sistren and brethren, it is not so, alas! astonishingly not so, 'twould seem.

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THERE'S the official brand of Censors and people on the job, as you might say, first of all, of course. . . . Very dear old gentlemen, 'emselves, *sans doute,* with long white beards of the metaphorical sort, anyway, and kind to their wives and animals, and go to bed at 11 p.m. to the tick (or 10 in the country), and get up when called, and believe what they read in the leaders at breakfast, and quite probably belong to the Carlton, or even Athenæum. You know, that funny old club near the Duke of York's statue, where the bishops eat their blameless cutlets and pinch each other's umbrellas *en passant* . . . so Lord Salisbury said, anyway (the late), and *he* ought to have known, being of the bearded variety, too—but that's by the way. Which aforesaid clan of censorious ones, believe me (I've met one or two), don't quite exactly know why they're there . . . But, after all, being there, feel they simply must do *something* to interfere with or upset the so-called glorious liberty of the Englishman (not to mention woman), to amuse him or herself in their spare time, if any.

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I WONDER, by the way, how much exactly it *costs* the Home Sec., or whoever it is, to raid all these clubs and pubs and places, complete with detectives in evening clothes, *plus* cocktails, champagne, etc., and see we don't enjoy ourselves too completely in the smaller hours? And, if so, Mr. Speaker (said she, being a woman M.P. for the moment, and none of the others having so far seemingly had time to remark same), how far said amount, if retrenched, as they put it, would help towards breakfast and even an occasional Lockhart's lunch for some of the hundreds of thousands of men who fought for us in the late Great War that are still hard up and out of work. And who, alas! have now lost in Lord Haig the very greatest champion of—well, ten years ago we'd have said their rights—wouldn't we?—but, of course, ten years have changed such a lot of things, haven't they?

"Complete with detectives in evening clothes"

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ALSO, talking about taking things seriously, oh, dear Cousin, you should have seen—and p'raps you will, as it's on for a month, apparently, whatever happens—this *Macbeth* that they're doing at the Court in modern dress. Oh, my dear, and also *mon Dieu!* It really is a perfect scream and no mistake about it. Not that this modern Shakespeare's always a matter *pour rire,* mind you, and the *Hamlet* of same breed or species was quite a good effort, and you got in some ways positively a better idea of the play than when it was all wrapped up in voluminous trappings and pretentiousness—especially when that very wearing Mr. Barrymore did it in his own extra-super-soulful manner, complete with posturings and flowing locks in the manner of a bun.

卐

BUT this *Macbeth*—well, don't let's ever say anything against English audiences again—not that I ever did, and have always thought and said that the gallery, however rowdy, is generally right. Listened and looked at it all, they did, spite of all temptations, in complete and respectful silence till very near the end of the whole thing, when a little fat man with a little fat voice who was supposed to be the Earl of Something, and all in khaki and a

MEMORIES REFRESHED BY WORTHINGTON

THOSE WERE DAYS

When the new "safety" bicycle was anything but safe and "tandems" carrying pilot and observer circulated round the outer drives of the Park—just for the fun of the thing.

Here too, the New Woman might be seen, emancipated into Homburg hat or boater, her speed always very much limited by the exuberance of her attire. And while the band played "A bicycle made for two"—you remember—we sped downhill to the cosy bar parlour where a wasp-waisted blonde waited with the Worthington.

brass hat, kept on popping up and uttering the most noble Shakespearian sentiments instead of doing a comic song and dance . . . that did it But it was really almost too bright for words. Mr. Macbeth in khaki, with Mr. Eric Maturin inside it and reeling off Mr. Shakespeare's picturesque remarks in his best barside manner, as you might say—'cos he's a capital villain, you know, of the pub-and-club sort, but . . . And Mary Merrall doing an imitation of Sybil Thorndike in short skirts as Lady Macbeth, and lots of whisky and sodas and cigarettes around, and men in tin hats dotting about, and a gramophone behind playing modern oddments in the way of tunes.

"At the Carlton"

BUT, would you believe it, simply masses and clouds of quite serious discussion rolling up about it from behind the horizon afterwards, and you positively can't meet anyone at lunch at the Ritz or Carlton or Savoy without being asked what you think about it all, and all the highbrow critics writing positively columns and columns about the whole fairly amusing if regrettable affair Ever so much more entertaining, methinks, that other new show, *The Yellow Mask*, at the Carlton, that's by Mr. Edgar Wallace, or, anyway, some of it, because when they dragged him on to the stage at the end of the first night, complete with singularly shiny top-hat, he would insist on modestly mentioning "all the people who have written this play." But, then, as Mr. Wallace seems to be writing half the books and most of the plays now on, or are just arriving, perhaps he *does* need just a little help, what?

"Pinch each other's umbrellas *en passant*"

YES, can quite recommend *The Yellow Mask* to all and sundry and such as it may concern, except, of course, the highbrows. Real jolly mixture of melodrama and musical comedy, it is, and goes with such verve, pep, and vim, too —I'd love to get some of the serious people to it, only am so afraid they might damp me with some frightfully reasonable remark as to how Mr. Wilfred Temple managed to fall through that skylight just in time, or Mr. Bobby Howes got into the idol's shrine. . . . Some people are *so* material. But no one, even the seriousest ever, am sure, could help rather loving the way the chorus sway, just like the sea waves, when they sing "Deep Sea" . . . To the tune of

Ships have gone down, and old Neptune has got 'em—
Think of the thousands of smacks on the bottom,

and words to similar and suchlike effect.

THOUGH how anyone ever affords to keep on living, let alone go to a theatre, is what beats me these days. All starving, we are, apparently, and even the Bachelors' Club's appealing for help, so's to keep going, it seems—though I haven't any frightfully excessive amount of sympathy for *them*, what? But what does seem rather surprisingish, not to say almost startling, is that, 'cording to official returns, there's only 90,000 people or less in the whole of this blessed or otherwise little country that are paying super-tax, or, in other words, making £2,000 a year. When you think of what they charge for everything and the millions of rich cars, the terrific parties, the positively vast sums one has to pay just to keep on going and justifying one's existence, so to say. Only 90,000! And those new flats at Grosvenor House just starting at £2,000 a year or so. Yes, just for once, I really am rather in sympathy ('cos, of course, someone's cheating) with that ruthless arbiter of our financial fate. Winston to wit.

WHO, by the way, has yet once more proved, or, anyway, hinted that he's more or less a human being as well as serious Cabinet Minister by his few kind words about wireless. Why in H—— (says he), or words to that effect, *shouldn't* we have so-called controversial remarks included in the programme of the B.B.C.? Whereat loud cheers.

ANYWAY, life is rather amusing, meseems, for them as knows how—especially if you do happen to have done a little work during the day and thus enjoy all the more your lovely I.S. cocktail and supper and dance at the Tricity and suchlike delights after the storm and stress are over, so to speak. And trade returns are up, and even if fashions do change a bit suddenly and expensively sometimes, well, there's still ever with us the joy of that little nursery rhyme:

Mary has a little skirt,
So neat, so bright, so airy;
It never shows a speck of dirt,
But it does show Mary.

With which few kind words I will now conclude.

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE.

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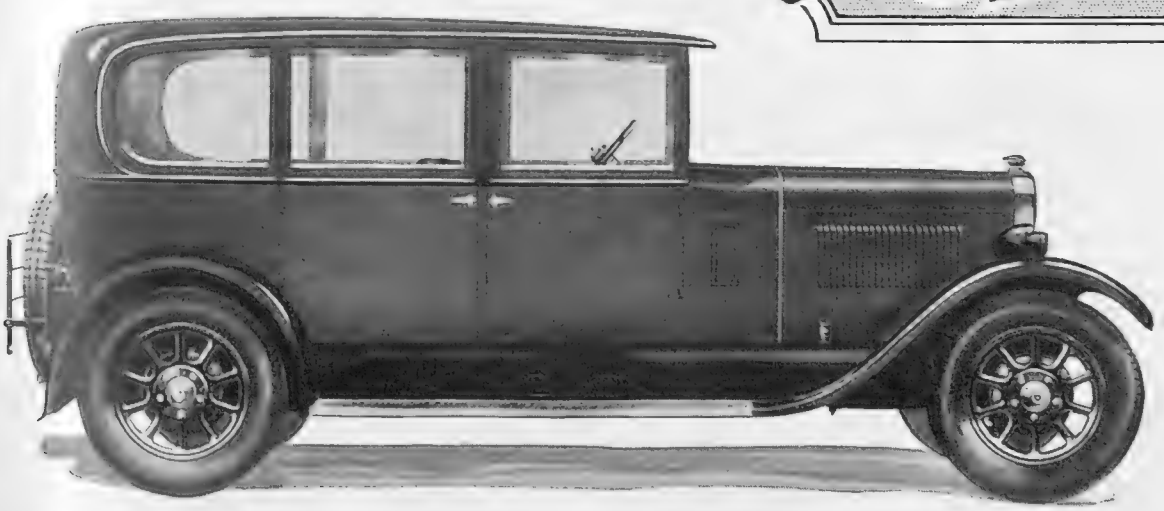

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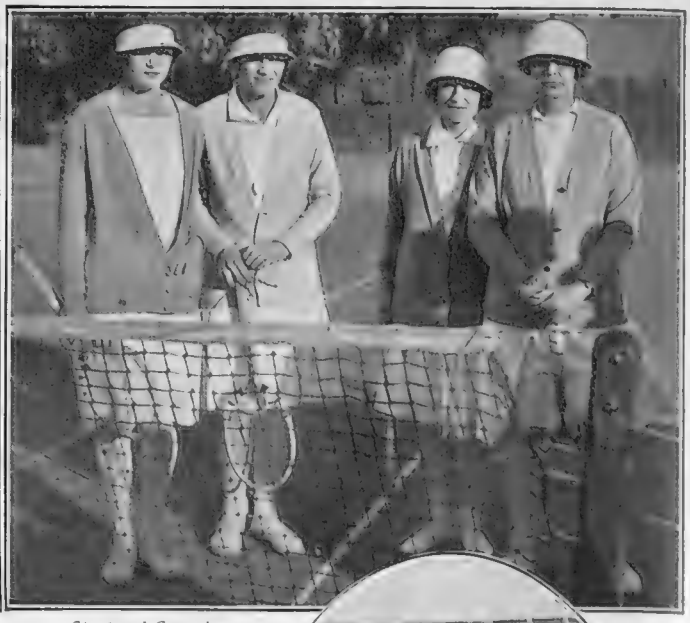

Sport and General

MISS EILEEN BENNETT (left), MRS. R. E. HAYLOCK, MISS P. M. RADCLIFFE, AND MISS N. Q. RADCLIFFE PLATT

A trio of photographs of players in the Carlton Lawn Tennis Tournament at Cannes. Miss Eileen Bennett and Mrs. Haylock won the semi-final of the Women's Doubles

RIVIERA LAWN TENNIS

By H. S. S.

CANNES, *February* 14.

THE longest sequence of lawn tennis meetings held in Cannes during the season, and lasting from the middle of January to the middle of February, has just come to an end. During the four weeks we have witnessed many thrilling matches, but they have thrilled us more by reason of their closeness than anything else. Seldom have we been able to ejaculate, "This match is worthy of Wimbledon!" though we have had a gem here and there.

OUR chief entertainment has been provided by a young man called Cochet, who, besides being the reigning Wimbledon champion, is admittedly one of the four, or possibly five, best players in the whole world. Both in Doubles and in Singles he has diverted us by getting himself, almost deliberately, into some extremely tight corners and not always extricating himself therefrom after the manner of a champion. Playing in the Singles events at two out of the four tournaments, he has won them both, but he survived an encounter at the Gallia Club in a manner which bordered upon the miraculous with the Italian, de Stefani, who shifts his racket from one hand to the other to suit the exigencies of the occasion and hits the ball about equally shrewdly with either. Stefani had one "sitting" chance of winning by two sets to one, to say nothing of two others, and I doubt whether Cochet would have survived this crisis if his proverbial luck (of which we had such a good illustration at Wimbledon) had not come to his aid. Yet in the week following this "thriller" Stefani was eliminated by du Plaix, who ranks somewhere about No. 15 in France!

PERHAPS the most sensational event of the month was the defeat in the Mixed Doubles at the Metropole Tournament by Jack Hillyard and Miss Ryan of Cochet and Miss Eileen Bennett, who are the Mixed Doubles champions of America, in a match in which Miss Ryan's great skill as a mixed player was the dominating factor. The losers made amends for a somewhat disappointing exhibition by a fine win the following week at the Gallia Club against the Dane, Eric Worm, and Miss Ryan. Worm is a mixed specialist, and fully the equal of Hillyard in this department of the game. All four were in form from start to finish, and the bout stands to date at the top of the Riviera poll.

THOUGH not the equal of Miss Ryan as a doubles player, Miss Bennett has beaten her twice fairly and squarely in Singles—a sure and most gratifying sign that she is forging ahead again. As one of the most finished stroke players in the game, she is now acquiring that tactical ability and self-reliance which she to some extent lacked.

Topical

VON KEHRLING IN PLAY

By JEAN GAST

THE SWISS CHAMPION

An impression of Charles Aeschliman, the famous Swiss lawn tennis player. He has been playing a good deal at Cannes lately

MISS BETTY NUTHALL has been the bright and breezy "Betty" that we know—I am tempted to say—of old. It is refreshing to listen to her light-hearted laughter when she "fluffs" an easy shot. Her best game is Singles, in which she has only played once, and then Miss Bennett beat her in a long battle in which first one and then the other seemed to be getting "on top," and which was anybody's match right up to the finish. In Doubles she has farther to go; her knowledge of the art of combined play is hardly what you might have expected it to be. As a pair she and Miss Bennett have been somewhat disappointing; neither has her partnership with Charles Aeschliman, the Swiss champion and a sound mixed player, been particularly successful. She has now returned to England, but will be back in time for Beaulieu and the big meeting at Monte Carlo, to be held for the first time at the new and spacious La Festa Country Club.

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HANDS THAT DO FIT

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

REFERRING to my article in THE BYSTANDER, January 18, on "Hands that Don't Fit," my valued correspondent, "Bathwick," sends me details of a hand which occurred at a club illustrating the reverse side of the medal.

The bidding was remarkably spirited—many people may consider it wild—but it was certainly justified by results. I think, however, very few players would have been enterprising enough to carry the bidding so far.

Here are the cards :—

	Y: S.—6. H.—Q, 5. D.—A, 4. C.—J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 4, 3	
S.—A, K, 9, 8, 5. H.—7, 6, 2. D.—K, 10, 7, 5. C.—K.	A / B	S.—Q, J, 7, 4, 3. H.—J, 9, 4. D.—Q, J, 8, 2. C.—Q.
	Z: S.—10, 2. H.—A, K, 10, 8, 3. D.—9, 6, 3. C.—A, 6, 2.	

. . . . . .

This is how the bidding went. Score : game all; love all in second game.

First Round.—Z, "One Heart"; A, "One Spade"; Y and B, "No bid."

Second Round.—Z, "Two Hearts"; A, "Two Spades"; Y, "Three Clubs"; B, "Three Spades."

Third Round.—Z, "Five Clubs"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Four Spades."

Fourth Round.—Z and A, "No bid"; Y, "Six Clubs"; B, "No bid." All pass.

B opened the 4 of Spades, and the trick was taken by A with the King. At the second trick A led the Ace of Spades, trumped by Y, who led a Club and made a small slam.

Now the points to notice about these hands is that, with the exception of Y's freak holding of eight Clubs to the Jack, there was nothing unusual in the distribution of the rest of the cards.

Z's bid of "One Heart" was correct, but having said "One Heart" he could not correctly bid again. He had called his hand for all it was worth on the first round. But in rubber game it is permissible to stretch matters a point or two to try to save the situation, and I don't think Z was to be blamed for having a second shot.

Y was quite right, in my opinion, not to mention his long Clubs on the first round of the bidding. He had, it is true, only two Hearts, but one of them was an honour and, in addition, he held the Ace of Diamonds. He knew nothing of the distribution of the Clubs and if he had called three at once he might have conveyed a wrong picture of his hand. His pass on the first round was justifiable, although if B had jumped in with a pre-emptive raise to "Three Spades" Z would have been debarred from bidding.

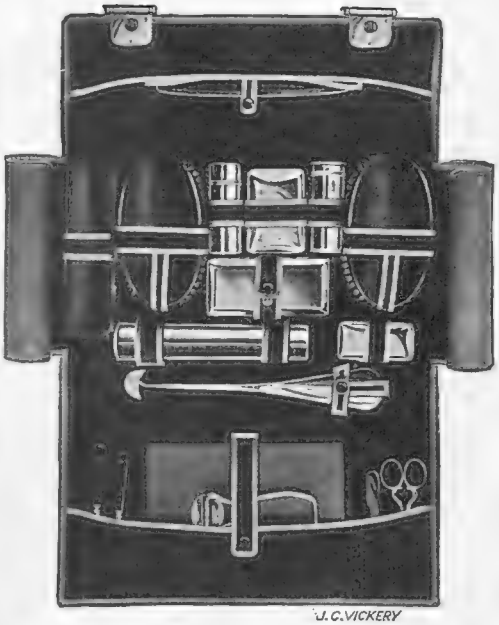
. . . . . .

I think B was wrong not to raise *immediately* his partner's Spade bid and he missed a valuable opportunity which might possibly have saved the game and rubber. Supposing B had called three Spades at once, Z and A must have passed, and Y, while disliking it, might have risked five Clubs or he might not.

As B eventually went up to four Spades his failure on the first round to make a pre-emptive raise was very bad and it gave Z and Y the opportunity they needed of showing their combined strength.

It is true A and B could not have made three Spades but, if left in, it would have been a very cheap save of the rubber.

As soon as Z was able to show Y that in addition to his Hearts he held some support in Clubs, Y's call of six Clubs was good bidding. He could not be very much down. He had little defence against Spades, and for all he knew if the game were played in that suit the rubber might be lost.



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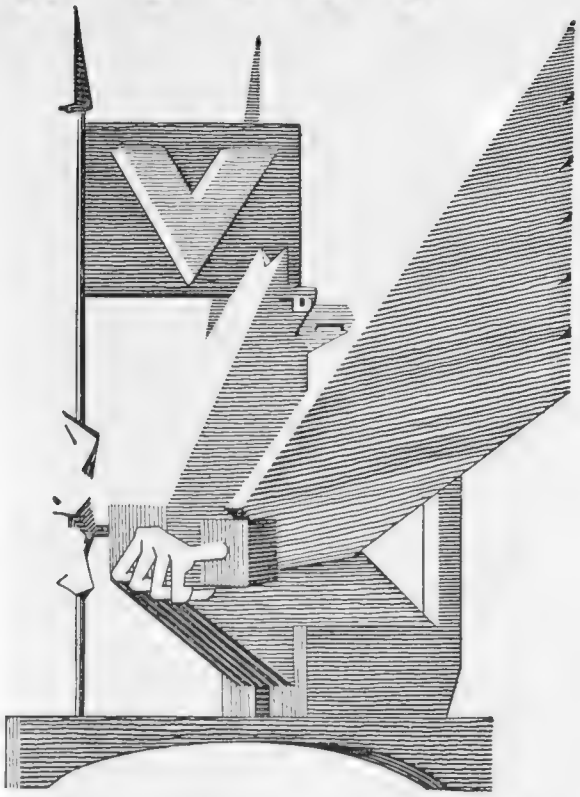

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STRAIGHT TIPS

PURELY PRACTICAL

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Dog Shows will be held to-day (Wednesday) at Liverpool, Southsea, Southend-on-Sea, Derby, and one or two other centres. The Irish Kennel Club's Show at Dublin has been fixed for March 17 (St. Patrick's Day); and, as at Preston's open Show on April 9, and the Holland Park Show on March 6, all the benching and feeding will be carried out by Spillers, Ltd. In that connection The Kennelman wishes to offer a serviceable tip to every reader who has not as yet mastered the basic principles of success in Dog-feeding, which, be it always remembered, are the basic principles of all-round success in Dog-keeping, breeding, and showing.

When attending a big Show examine carefully the food rations served to the Dogs. Inquire where this food is prepared; go and examine its preparation. Have a chat with the chief representative of the makers of the food. The Dogs, you may be sure, are among the most valuable and best-cared-for in the country. The question of who is entrusted with their feeding at Shows is by no means lightly dismissed or left to chance; but, on the contrary, is undertaken by experts, in whose laboratories thousands of pounds are being spent upon continuous testing, experimenting, research, and the maintenance of a high standard. There's nothing to prevent the youngest novice visitor from getting the full benefit of this skill and knowledge. Take such an apparent detail as the *consistency* of the Osoko served; in fact, a matter of first-rate import to its enjoyment and assimilation, and nutritive value to the Dog. Served either bone-dry or in the sloppy, soupy state in which only too many amateurs give it, such food is bereft of half its value and three parts of its appeal. Note the way the expert serves it, and ask how and why. It's in such simple ways that the owner of Dogs can get full value and running over out of the price of admission to Shows.

"My own experience suggests that the growth of what is called Dog-hysteria in many of our kennels is as devastatingly serious as Distemper itself, and there is no doubt about its germ cause and horribly contagious character." The reader whose letter includes this has been advised, and to all interested the same advice is tendered, to address (with stamped reply envelope) Mrs. Vlasto, the well-known exhibitor of Borzois, at Addlestone Kennels, Bracknell, Berks, who will supply the prescription she has recently obtained really wonderful results from in her own kennels. The disease produces a fluid in the brain; the cure is administered by way of the ear; and Mrs. Vlasto has found it sovereign.

The Dogs' Bath and Requisite Coy., 61, Beauchamp Place, S.W., supplies various doggy appliances inquired for by other correspondents. *The Dog and Poultry Journal*, and full particulars of the Free Information Bureau, can be obtained from 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3. Information about the manufacture of Dogs' wool can be had from Mr. J. C. Bristow-Noble, who recently wrote about it in "Our Dogs" (Oxford Road, Station Approach, Manchester). Considered as producers of wool, Old English Bob-tailed Sheepdogs stand highest, but a good deal is also obtained from Borzois, Chows, Pomeranians, Eskimos, Golden Retrievers, and, too, the Pekingese. So far from spoiling the appearance of a Dog on the Show bench, the hard grooming involved in wool production greatly benefits the Dogs concerned. A spinning outfit and accessories will cost about £20, and garments made from Dog-wool are said to be specially durable and soft.

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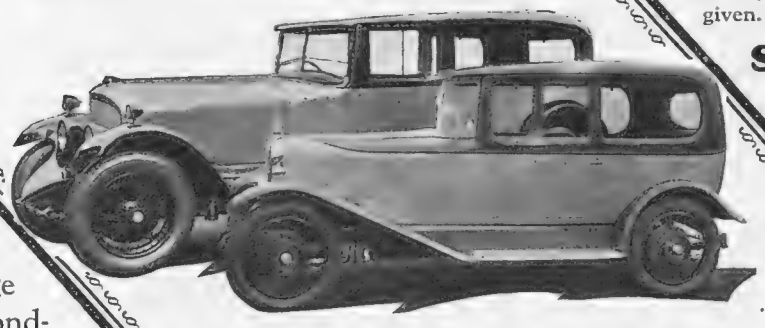

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Service Station: Johnson Street, Stretford Road, Manchester.

No injury — thanks to TriplEx! (REGD)

41, Hans Place,
S.W.1.

RECEIVED JAN 20 1928 ANSWERED

19th January, 1928.

Sir Stephen Demetriadi writes to say that his car was recently involved in an accident and, as a result, was overturned on to the road. Although the car was badly damaged Sir Stephen Demetriadi sustained no injury himself which he attributes largely to the fact that the car was fitted with Triplex Glass which withstood the shock of the collision and remained entirely unbroken. Sir Stephen Demetriadi feels it is only right that the makers of Triplex Glass should know how well their product has fulfilled its claims.

The Triplex Safety Glass Co.,Ltd.,
1, Albemarle Street,
Piccadilly,
W.1.

Published by kind permission of Sir Stephen Demetriadi.

The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1 : also The Triplex Safety Glass Company of North America Inc., 75, West St., New York

The 20·9 h.p. Crossley

The Supreme Six

FLAWLESS performance, the utmost reliability, and a distinctiveness which is unequalled by any other car on the road, have made the 20·9 h.p. Crossley the Supreme Six.

Its value is unquestioned. Take, for example, the "Canberra" Enclosed Limousine. This spacious car, built on the long wheelbase chassis, has ample room for seven persons, is beautifully finished throughout and replete with every requirement for absolute comfort. It is probably the best value in high grade cars ever offered to the public.

THE SUPER SIX.

An exceptionally fast and attractive Fabric Saloon. Extraordinary acceleration and general performance yet perfectly tractable and comfortable. Able to compete with anything on the road. **£795.**

PRICES

Super Six Fabric Saloon (including dipping headlights, spot light, luggage trunk, spring gaiters, step mats, wireless cigar lighter, etc.)	£795
20·9 h.p. models	
Five-seater Touring Car	£675
Fabric Saloon	£720
"Aero" Saloon (coachbuilt)	£750
Saloon de Luxe (coachbuilt)	£795
Short Wheelbase Enclosed Limousine	£820
"Canberra" Enc. Limousine	£875
Enclosed Landaulette	£895

"Canberra" Enclosed Limousine

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., MANCHESTER AND 20, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1.

A BYSTANDER among the BOOKS

by Ralph Straus

It is the fashion amongst superior people to be contemptuous towards the "best-sellers." Apparently the mere fact that a novel can sell in its tens of thousands is to them sufficient to earn for it a bad mark. But a "best-seller" is not really a type at all. Galsworthy and Miss Dell may surely be bracketed here. It just does happen, however, that the word has come to be very generally applied to the second-raters, and I suppose there is nothing more to be said. All of which leads me to Mr. Frankau, whose sales are quite comfortably huge. What of his novels? I have heard them described in all sorts of ways. *Peter Jackson*, yes: a good book, but—the others! Well, it seems to me that there are two points about Mr. Frankau's work which will strike most people: he can devise a rattling good story, and as often as not he will spoil it by downright bad writing.

If you read *So Much Good* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), you will probably agree with me in thinking that it is a real good story. You will follow Margery Nolan's chequered career, I fancy, with no little interest. Your sympathy will be roused by her succession of misfortunes. You will excuse her mistakes, and find yourself wondering, if you happen to belong to her sex, what you would have done in her place. Moreover, her story reads like the truth. It might happen. The men whom she meets are no caricatures, but people you might meet anywhere. And even if there seem to be too many links in the love-chain, you understand well enough how it has all come to be. It is probably the best *story* that Mr. Frankau has written since *Peter Jackson*.

And yet, for all the publishers' talk of a "new manner," for all the care which the author has obviously lavished on the portrait of his heroine, he is still the old Frankau, queerly preferring to use other people's phrases instead of his own, wallowing in *clichés*, irritatingly grandiose, slushy and careless. You may say that the story is all that matters, and that only disgruntled literary critics (who have been known to write novels themselves), make a fuss about style and technique, but to me, I confess, it seems the greatest pity that Mr. Frankau will not make the effort, and contrive to give to his prose work that grace and distinction which are certainly not absent from his verse.

❋

In his new book Mr. L. de Giberne Sieveking is still playing the satirical game, and very amusing he can be, but *All Children Must be Paid For* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), may come as a slight shock to those who enjoyed *The Ultimate Island*. There, indeed, you had a first-rate piece of ironical writing: here Mr. Sieveking is still laughing at our foibles, but bathing us in riotous farce. There are all kinds of quaint embroideries in the book, including Miss Pearl Binder, whose illustrations are splendid grotesques, but the satire is too often lost sight of in the author's desire to play the fool.

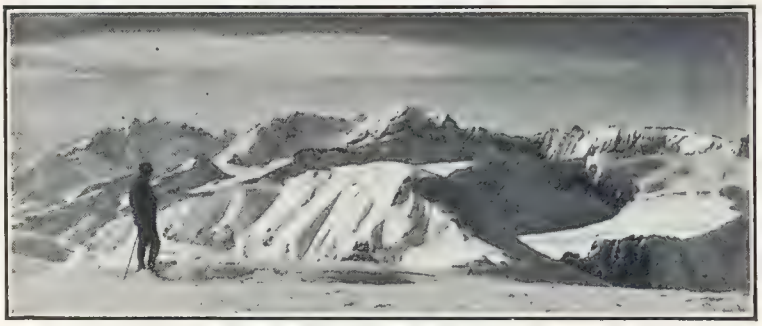
Yet I suppose he would be the last person to bid you probe too deeply for his meaning. He is out to amuse you. He knows that his Lord Downacre is an impossible noodle, and that his Miss Collingdale with her committees is a stage-puppet. He doesn't care if they are. He enjoyed himself writing about them, and that is enough. Moreover, in Muriel with her eternal "I *know!*"—surely the most useful of all conversational aids—he allows you to see how subtle he can be when he likes. Perhaps, too, if you are interested in birth-control . . . But I have said enough.

❋

I have read better detective stories than *The Ace of Diamonds* (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), by Alfred Hurry, but it is not lacking in excitement and mystery, and it opens in a sufficiently startling fashion. A large house-party is in progress in one of those old country mansions. Suddenly all the guests and all the servants except one are instantaneously killed. The survivor, a poor little housemaid, only escapes the general destruction because she was about to commit suicide by turning on the gas in her room and stopping up the chimney and keyhole in the usual way. All the women guests, in addition, were wearing diamonds, but these were not stolen. What did it mean? What or who produced all those deaths? If there was a murderer, what had been his intention? Mr Hurry answers these questions in his own time, and has more than a single "surprise" up his sleeve.

❋

Take a look at "Kensal Green's" *Premature Epitaphs* (Cecil Palmer 2*s.* 6*d.* net). You will be highly diverted by the impertinent things. The author is no respecter of great persons, but if a few of his victims feel aggrieved at such daring the majority, I expect, will join in the laughter against themselves. I should like to give several quotations, but will content myself with one. Of Edison it is written: "He thwarted time and space . . . But what a bore it is to hear the gramophone next door."



AMONG THE SNOWY PEAKS

A striking view of the mountains near Flims. The photograph was taken from Piz Vorel

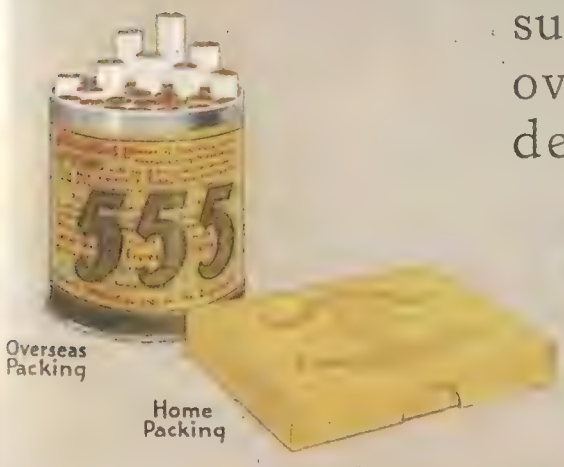
A WELL-EARNED REST

A party of enthusiastic skiers enjoying an "easy" after a strenuous climb. They are seen on the hill above that popular winter sports centre, Engelberg

A "Gland" Old Man

Modern professors have done such wonderful things that it is not improbable that they will be able to make men of sixty-seven almost behave like boys of twelve. In *Mr. Teedles*, or *The Gland Old Man*, by Thomas le Breton (Werner Laurie, 6s. net), the aged youth is young only in memory and manner, for he retains the appearance of a bearded old gentleman in the sere and yellow leaf. The complication of looks and feelings leads to many amusing adventures, and Mrs. Teedles has the surprise of her lifetime. The book is successfully illustrated by Chris. Davis, and is sure to amuse those who read it.

555 Cigarettes are the same superlative quality the World over — final packing alone decides their destination.



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Made by hand - one at a time

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"My preference is for Pond's"

says one of the prettiest of our younger actresses

MISS JOAN BARRY

"To make your skin white and lovely, to keep it young and to protect it from blemishes, there is nothing, in my opinion, equal to Pond's Two Creams."

Compromising Daphne.

Miss Joan Barry's opinion on this subject is worthy of attention. As everyone knows, she is the envied possessor of a most beautiful skin and complexion, which is in keeping with her girlish freshness. Miss Barry was leading lady in "Compromising Daphne" at the Princes Theatre, and her performance marked her out as a young actress with a bright future.

"I am convinced."

"To have radiant vital youth," declares Miss Barry, "the skin must be cleansed, nourished and protected with these two creams, especially made for the purpose. Of course, I know that the texture of the skin varies in different women. Some have naturally a more delicate skin than others. But, at the same time, I am convinced that *every* woman can improve her appearance in this simple way."

"Speaking from experience."

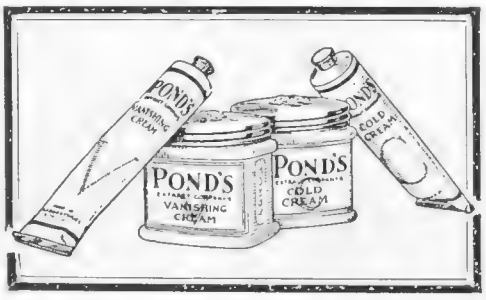
Miss Barry broke off with a laugh. "As a matter of fact, I can hear most women who read this say that I am telling them nothing new. I think Pond's have taught every woman now the necessity of cleansing the under-surface of the skin and protecting the surface. But one useful remark I think I can make—it is that women make a mistake when they think that one cream can perform both these purposes, or that, in fact, they can get the same satisfactory results with any other creams than Pond's. Of course, I can only speak from my own experience, and this is certainly what my experience has taught me."

"I like simple things."

In response to the remark that women would be interested to learn that a girl so outstandingly pretty as herself can achieve her results in so simple a manner, Miss Barry said: "Some women want to believe in miracles. They put such pathetic faith in all sorts of complicated and expensive systems. I like simple things; I have no patience with beauty culture. I believe that if you only keep your skin healthy and give it ordinary care with Pond's Two Creams you are doing your utmost to develop and preserve your attractions."

Dorothy Wilding

Joan Barry



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

"Hundreds of distinguished women."

Hundreds of beautiful and distinguished women have found in these same two delicate, fragrant creams the perfect method for keeping their skins exquisite.

This is their method.

Before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it on lavishly and letting it stay on several moments. Then with a soft cloth remove all the cream, and with it the dirt and dust which its pure oils have brought to the surface from the roots of your pores. If your skin is dry, put more cream on, and leave it overnight.

Several times by day, especially after you've returned from out of doors, cleanse your face, throat and hands with Pond's Cold Cream the same way, and finish with a touch of Vanishing Cream.

Before going out, smooth over your skin a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its soft protection against wind and chapping cold will keep you free from blemishes; and it gives your skin a lovely tone. Now see how evenly your powder lies, how natural it looks, and how long it stays on.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER

Learn from the lovely women who prove by their own appearance the efficacy of the Pond's method. Fill up and send us the coupon below, enclosing 2d. in stamps, and we will send you sufficient of Pond's Two Creams to give the method a convincing trial. All Chemists and Stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in handsome opal jars, price 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes, price 6d. (for handbag) and 1s. The Cold Cream also in extra large jars, 5s., and in extra large tubes, 2s. 6d.

COUPON

Generous Trial Samples.

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 573), 103, St. John St., London, E.C.1.

I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your TRIAL TUBES of *POND'S COLD CREAM and POND'S VANISHING CREAM.*

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Femina

THIS ONE-EYED BUSINESS

By "CANDIDA"

SPRING begins earlier every year. Not the real thing, of course, with birds singing and something like warmth in the air, but a tremulous promise of a Spring with a strip of turquoise sky, a pearly gleam in the distance, a south-west wind, and snowdrops in the grass, or in the flower-sellers' baskets anyway. It may be only a blessed interval between yesterday's north-easter and to-morrow's blizzard, but who cares? One lives in London from one brief sunshiny spell to another, and half the fun of life consists in anticipating events. A Spring frock in February is an adventure, though no one would be fool enough to take it seriously and wear it; and a new fur coat in August is a thing to dream about, especially when one is sweltering in chiffon. Because dreams, which may come off some fine day—that seldom comes—make up sometimes for the poor fun of living.

ON such a day of promise—I won't describe its allurements all over again—I long to start on some journey to no matter where, it can't fail to be romantic. In blessed imagination I can feel the breeze and see the silvery blueness of sea and sky as we plough our way to Calais. And even the fields of France (not a strong argument in favour of the beauty of *la belle* France those dreary stretches between Calais and Paris) would be transfigured by one's mood. On such a day . . . . but is it ever such a day, I ask you, when you and I take train because we must, with our reservations and hotels and things booked for at least a fortnight ahead? It's that inevitable booking that robs the enterprise of all its charm.

IF you can't afford a sentimental journey, why not a new hat as the next best thing? One, which lunched next to me on the one perfect day we'd had for weeks, was a convincing argument. Cut, I believe, on the very head of the young woman who wore it (they do these things in the best places), it looked like a warrior's helmet in one of Dürer's pictures. The visor, I mean the brim, completely hid the right eye and soared into an upward sweep—was cut away to be precise—to show the whole left eye, plus a triangle of forehead above it. By these signs the sweep, the triangle, and the complete obliteration, I knew that I wasn't looking at a mere hat, but at a "creation." She who wore it was lunching on caviare sandwiches and a cocktail, and what showed of her face on the side of the downward sweep, which wasn't much, wore an abstracted air as if it thought of Paris shows and what it could get there to live up to the hat.

Mabel Robey

MRS. CLAUDE HULBERT AND JILL

A charming photograph of the wife and small daughter of the clever comedian who helps to keep the Hulbert family well to the forefront of the musical comedy and revue stage. Before her marriage Mrs. Hulbert was Miss Enid Trevor, the daughter of Colonel Philip Trevor

TO live up to one's new hat in February, when one's furs look a little tired, and what a friend calls "degaggy," isn't easy. Most people don't attempt it, and some of them even go about indecently with a soul above hats. They're lured up just now by the white sales from goodness knows what depths of the country. Sturdy and unimpressed by the changing years, they complain, when they think about it at all, that they can't get a hat to fit them in all London, though milliners are as common as lamp-posts. And so they wear what they wear with unbecoming resignation. Obviously it's a cross, not a crown, and it sits on their heads as a stout person sits in a crowded 'bus. To be precise, it's deposited on what used to be considered the "crowning glory" and is now nothing but a nuisance.

IT's not actual smartness that makes a really smart hat. Nine times out of ten it's the wearing of it. And the wearing of it is a gift, a sort of sixth sense which you either have or have not. If you have it I needn't explain; if not, no amount of explanation will make the mystery any clearer. But because one wears one's hat by the grace of God, as it were, this doesn't mean that there's nothing to be said about it. There's everything to be said. Actually, it's a long story, beginning almost with the creation, or, anyway, with the head of the person that wears it. And that, to start with, is a sign of tremendous progress when one remembers other hats that looked like accidental trimmings, a sort of afterthought skewered on, so to speak, with unpardonable pins.

NOWADAYS, thank goodness, your hat begins with your head, and especially with the hair that happens to be there. Rumour has it that there's to be more of it. Hairdressers' rumour, no doubt, or hints thrown out by hairpin manufacturers and comb designers, etc. If the best people intend to wear the best hats it's obvious that inside them there won't be room for one extra hair. To be always in the limelight and to look as if one didn't care how it found one—well, some people have enough courage for anything. There's this one-eyed business, for instance. Having lived so long with both eyes practically obliterated, perhaps it's a mercy of sorts to have one eye restored to us? Anyway, that's the way I look at it.

Lorelle

A SINGER FROM PARIS

Charlotte Dauvia, whose singing has made her a favourite in all the principal cabarets in Paris, and who is now coming to give London the opportunity to appreciate her art. She is to appear for a season at the Trocadero, starting on March 5

MOTOR NOTES

A FAMOUS MOTORIST AND HIS CAR

Major H. O. D. Segrave, the world-famous speedman, photographed with the car he has recently purchased as a result of a series of thorough investigations made by himself. The car is the new Hillman model

AMONGST the spate of new British light sixes that have appeared on the market during the last year or eighteen months, there is one very deserving example that has not received the attention it merits. I refer to the 18-50 h.p. six-cylinder Bean, the product of Bean Cars, Ltd., of Tipton, near Birmingham. Like almost every six of its type, it had its early troubles, for the six-cylinder is a type of engine that is admittedly difficult to design aright. But they are over now, and the 18-50 h.p. Bean of to-day is as attractive a vehicle and as good an example of value for money as you will find anywhere on the British market. I recently drove one which had been on the road for some nine months, and I was agreeably surprised with its refinement. The balance of the engine at all speeds is excellent, there is a reasonable degree of mechanical silence, and the indirect gears are particularly quiet. Once the oil is warmed up the gear change is childishly easy. Steering and springing are good and the general performance of the car astonishingly lively for a vehicle that looks so sturdy and solid. A specially good feature is the braking, the brakes being of the Perrot servo type. The standard coachbuilt saloon, which costs £495, is handsomely fitted up inside, a notably good feature being the dash lighting. A full range of bodies is available, but this particular one, the five-seater saloon, which is probably the most popular of all, is priced at £495. The chassis price is £365.

WHEN I first saw Mr. W. E. ("Billy") Rootes after his world tour last year he paid a high compliment to THE BYSTANDER, which he had found in all sorts of out-of-the-way corners of the Empire. So I take it that these words will be read in many of the places where he visited and was welcomed as joint head of the great motor car distributing business that bears his name. Let me tell readers over there that he is faithfully interpreting their wishes to the manufacturing interests here at home. His company acts as export department for Clyno and Hillman and as distributors over a wide area for the famous Austin range. He considers that the car of the future, for home as well as overseas markets, will be just what overseas motorists have been clamouring for for years—a roomy, sturdy vehicle with a standard 56in track and a top-gear performance. "Billy" is a shrewd judge; notice the makes with which his company is identified and the prosperous position to which they have attained during the past few years.

THE PETROL TAX

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTORISTS

Motorists are taxed more heavily in Great Britain than in any other country. The tax is also unfair, because vehicles are not taxed in proportion to their use of the road.

The Automobile Association has fought this iniquitous method of taxation from the first, and has striven for the Petrol Tax, which is the only fair system.

Under the Petrol Tax every motorist would pay according to his use of the road, and he would pay as and when he used the road. Under the present system he must pay the full tax in advance, no matter how little he may use the road.

A Petrol Tax would be fair to all. Motorists could keep their cars in use throughout the year, and have them available for every emergency. There would be better transport facilities at all times.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted the merits of the Petrol Tax in 1926, and said "I have not abandoned the hope of making such a change during the lifetime of the present Parliament.

The Automobile Association asks for the co-operation of every motorist in hastening this long overdue reform. We want a Petrol Tax in the next Budget.

For the Executive Committee

Chas McWhirter. *Chairman.*

Stenson Cooke *Secretary.*

The Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1.

Motorists are invited to apply to The Automobile Association for Booklet "What the Petrol Tax Means."

SMOOTH TO THE LIPS ARE THE 'IVORY' TIPS

"Any complaints about the cigarettes?"
"My dear man, who could ask for anything better than a De Reszke?"

Once you have tried an 'Ivory' tip, you'll never dream of going back to the old-fashioned tips.

DE RESZKE

Virginias – 10 for 6d.

'Ivory'-tipped or Plain

20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6

IF YOU LIKE TURKISH, TRY THE NEW DE RESZKE 'TURKS' — 10 FOR 6d.

THOSE who were attracted by the new 9 h.p. Standard at Olympia would be agreeably surprised to see the improvements that have been wrought in the coachwork since then. Principal among them are lower and roomier seating. It will be remembered that a most striking feature of this car was the sinking of the floorboards in the rear compartment so that there is an astonishing amount of leg room for what appears at first glance to be a small car. Many motorists regard this innovation as one of the coachwork features of the season. Certainly the Standard is a notable example of what can be achieved by it. Figures of sales so far reveal that even in a light economy car such as this the most popular model is the fabric saloon, which, in the case of the 9 h.p. Standard, is priced at £215. In addition to the fixed top, however, there are two forms of "Sunshine" roofs available. The first is the "Stanlite" head, in which the roof folds back into a neat bundle on top of the rear quarter; the second, which has just been announced, is a sliding roof in which the front half slides over the rear half. The sliding roof has this advantage over the folding type, that it can be fixed in any position from fully open to closed. On the Standard the arrangements for securing it in any position and preventing rattle are particularly ingenious, yet quite simple. There is no extra charge for either of these roofs. A very welcome concession.

A SPECIAL SALOON

A special 4½-litre Bentley Weymann Saloon recently supplied by Henlys, Ltd., to Viscount Gort. This very smart body was made by Messrs. Gurney Nutting. It is finished in black, with red upholstery and a red line

* * *

I HAVE just been sent two useful booklets issued by the Scottish Automobile and General Insurance Co., and available free of charge to any motorist who writes for them, mentioning this journal. They give the parking places and parking regulations for every place of importance in England and Scotland respectively. Such information has long been wanted, as the regulations vary so much for each place that a traveller is usually in a state of mental chaos after passing through several places where it is necessary to stop for an hour or two. The Scottish Automobile and General Insurance Co., as its latest balance-sheet shows, is in an extremely strong financial position. Its head office is at No. 136, Hope Street, Glasgow. London office: 101, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, and there are branches at Aberdeen, Ayr, Dundee, Edinburgh, Inverness, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Carlisle, Exeter, Leeds, Manchester, and Newcastle.

* * *

ON the suggestion of the Automobile Association, the Touring Club de Belgique has made representations to the Director-General of Belgian Customs which have resulted in an increase of the Customs staff at Ostend during the summer months. The object of the new arrangement is to expedite the clearance of tourists' motor cars landing at that port from Dover.

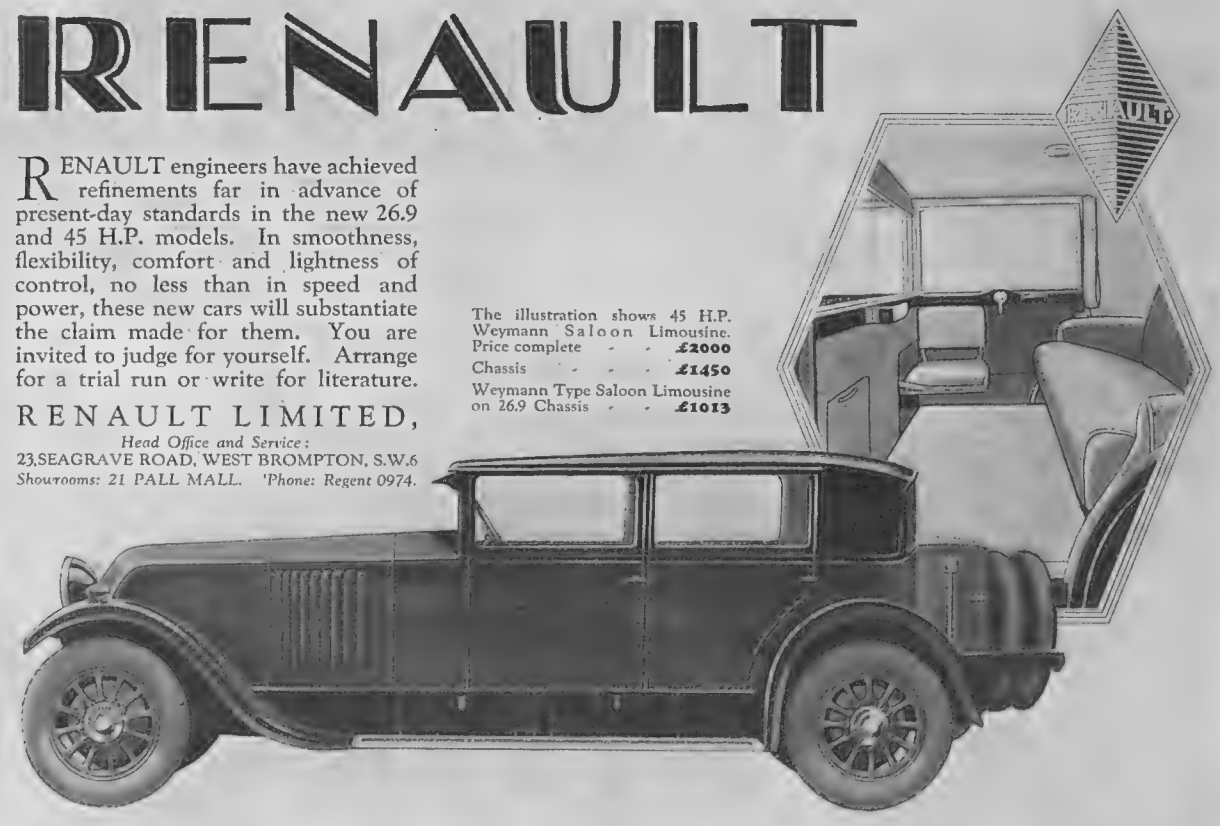
E. M. WRIGHT.

RENAULT

RENAULT engineers have achieved refinements far in advance of present-day standards in the new 26.9 and 45 H.P. models. In smoothness, flexibility, comfort and lightness of control, no less than in speed and power, these new cars will substantiate the claim made for them. You are invited to judge for yourself. Arrange for a trial run or write for literature.

RENAULT LIMITED,
Head Office and Service:
23, SEAGRAVE ROAD, WEST BROMPTON, S.W.6
Showrooms: 21 PALL MALL. 'Phone: Regent 0974.

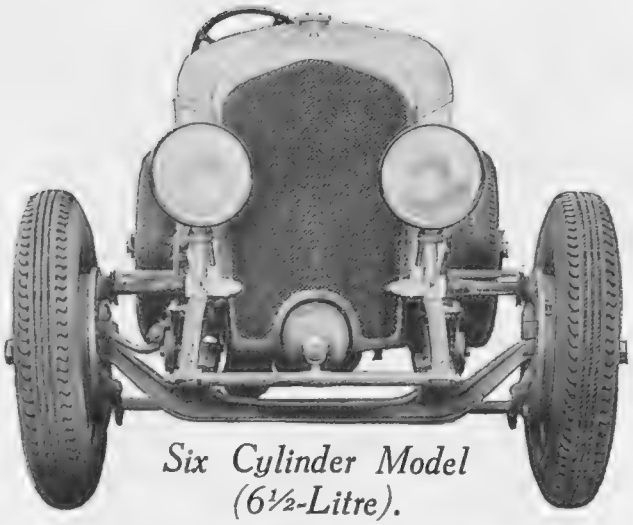
The illustration shows 45 H.P. Weymann Saloon Limousine.
Price complete - - £2000
Chassis - - - - £1450
Weymann Type Saloon Limousine on 26.9 Chassis - - £1013



BENTLEY MOTORS LTD.

"... A thing of beauty indeed..."

(Extract from "The Tatler," January 11th, 1928.)



Six Cylinder Model (6½-Litre).

PRICES.

6-Cylinder Chassis £1,575.

4½-Litre Chassis £1,050.

3-Litre Chassis from £895.

POLLEN HOUSE, CORK ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Regent 6911. *Telegrams: "Benmotlim, Phone, London."*

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

LITTLE GIRLS' COATS

of EXCLUSIVE DESIGN.

The reputation of our Children's Outfitting Department is world-wide, not only for the reliability of the high grade materials, but for the artistic character of all garments, which are made under the supervision of our expert to ensure that perfection of finish for which we are famous.

LITTLE GIRL'S TAILORED COAT in Scotch tweed, smartly trimmed with stripes to tone. In green or brown mixtures.

Size for 2 years 18 ins. **£7.19.6**
" 3 " 20 " **£8. 8.0**
" 4 " 22 " **£8.18.6**
" 5 " 24 " **£9. 9.0**

STITCHED HAT to match, trimmed with tiny ornament, 49/6.

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THE MEDICAL PRESS[3]

A PHYSICIAN[4] M.D., D.P.H. *writing in* THE MEDICAL TIMES

ST BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL GAZETTE[5]

¶ *Following the recent advertisement composed entirely of extracts from tributes by famous users, this composite statement shows that their praises of the purity, safety and efficacy of Genasprin are definitely endorsed by leading medical authorities.*

A PARTICULARLY pure specimen of Acetyl-Salicylic acid,[1] Genasprin can stand upon its own merits.[2] Clinical trials have confirmed that its administration is free from the irritation commonly associated with other products.[3] In Neuralgia, Headache or Rheumatic Pains in the eyes and forehead, the frequent use of small doses of Genasprin affords effective relief from pain . . . produces no nausea or other reaction, does not create a habit or craving and retains its power in spite of repeated administration.[4] We have no hesitation in describing Genasprin as excellent, its purity is unquestioned.[5]

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The SAFE Brand of Aspirin

(Acetyl-Salicylic-Acid)

Insist on GENASPRIN. *At all Chemists—2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.*

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

The BYSTANDER £500 GOLF TROPHY

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1928

AT ST. GEORGE'S HILL GOLF CLUB, WEYBRIDGE

[Station: Weybridge, S.R.]

A Silver Cup for the Winning Professional—

THE BYSTANDER CHALLENGE TROPHY VALUED AT £500

—and a similar cup to be awarded to his Lady Partner

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The Competition is an Invitation Mixed Foursomes (professional partnered by a lady member of the same club) played over 36 holes (Medal Play).

Professionals to be rated at plus 4. Ladies' L.G.U. Handicap limited to 18.
Pairs to receive three-eighths of combined Handicap.

All ties for 1st, 2nd or 3rd places must be played off next day over 18 holes unless otherwise agreed to by the competitors concerned and the Managing Committee.

All matters relating to the Competition, Regulation of Handicaps, etc., will be decided by the Committee in charge of the Meeting, whose decision shall be final. A DRAW will be made for starting times.

Invitations have been issued to 70 clubs in and around London. All competitors will be made Honorary Members of the Club on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 6th and 7th, and on the day of the contest will be the guests for lunch and tea of "The Bystander," which will also provide caddies.

A smart shape in a new waterproofed fabric, with an antelope finish. (Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C. 1)

To the left, Pedaline straw and satin ribbon, and, above, felt finished with a rosette of pleated ribbon (Messrs. Gamage)

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

What the World Will Wear—

WHAT the world will wear during the coming Season, in the morning, in the afternoon, and in the evening, and also for the various aspects of "Le Sport," so essential a part of the life of the up-to-date woman. That is what every woman wants to know. Well, in Town in the morning, judging from the secrets that Paris has already let drop, it is quite safe to assert that it is tailored styles that will reign supreme in the form of costumes, coat-frocks, and the light-weight overcoats that combine the best features of both. These find favour with many because it is possible to wear underneath them quite a thin frock, so that no change is necessary on coming indoors, and yet a tailored appearance is presented in the street.

—In the Morning—

MORNING styles are as infinite in their variety as those designed for *les grandes occasions*. One famous Paris house, for instance, sponsors a *tailleur*, with a jacket of beige rep, slightly basqued; on the collar, cuffs, and pockets triangular effects are developed, and in the centre of each is posed a single button; the revers are of black drapella, in which material the skirt is also expressed. Another "prefers" a more workmanlike affair of a checked brown woollen fabric, the jacket cut cardigan-wise, with which is worn a jumper of turquoise silk *crêpe*. In another case a scarf, hat, and belt and button of royal blue strike an effective note on a *tailleur of* banana-coloured kasha.

—In the Afternoon—

IN the afternoon draped and panel effects reign supreme, and in many models there is just a suggestion of a higher waistline. Yokes often contrast both in colour and fabric, and in some cases elongate into scarves. An effective model from one well-known house, carried out in wood-brown *crêpe Romaine*, with the skirt cut in godets, has a yoke of rose *crêpe* georgette, leaf shaped. Another of rose velvet (velvet will not pass with the Winter), attractively draped and with a cape effect at the back, is collarless and finished with a tasselled scarf. And a most effective three-piece consists of a jumper of royal blue Djersakasha, close fitting and cut on waistcoat lines, a fullish skirt of black *crêpe Romaine*, and a long straight coat that matches the jumper, cut without revers and collared, cuffed and lined with black *crêpe Romaine*.

The vogue for tailored styles brings Celes models into greater prominence than ever

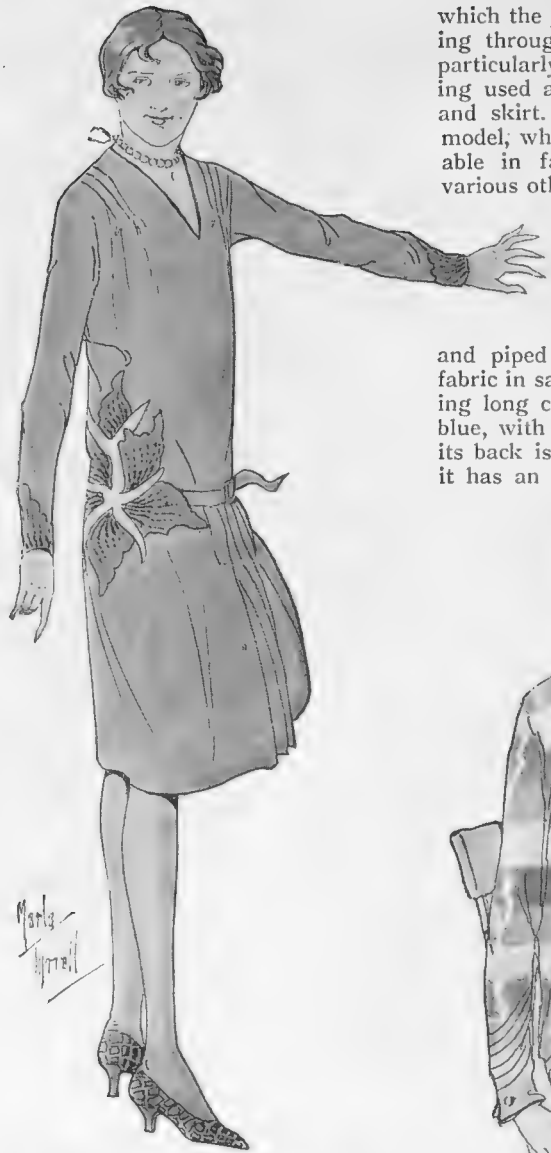
Sketches by Bela

—In the Evening—

HERE, it would seem, *robes de style* have had their day, or, rather, their night (!), though they are not yet entirely out of the picture. Tunic effects are predominant in the new collections, and when these are two-tiered the top one is often so full as to have all the appearance of a pannier. Bodices are full and often blouse slightly over the waistline, and, as with afternoon frocks, yokes are all-important. When skirts are straight they are cut in panels that reach from the waist to the hem. Every variety of silk *crêpe* is used, so, of course, are lace and georgette; taffeta has quite a prominent place; so has *moiré*, especially white *moiré*, a fabric that in its latest aspect is almost unbelievably soft and supple.

Perfection in Jumpers

EVERY woman should include a set of Celes jumper-shirts in her Spring outfit, which all the leading drapers and stores stock in the latest shapes and new Spring colourings, and certainly there is everything to say in their favour. They are pure silk; they wash and wear quite admirably, retaining their wonderful sheen to the last moment of a long and honourable life; they are beautifully cut and finished, and they are absolutely unfadable.



A model in fawn stockinette that speaks the last word in Spring styles. From Jenner's, Princes St., Edinburgh

Dwellers Abroad, Please Take Note!

AND in this last aspect Celes models are, needless to say, of tremendous interest to dwellers abroad, both in the form of jumpers and frocks. What a comfort to start out on one's travels with the comfortable assurance that not only have garments chosen been designed on such up-to-date lines that they will remain in fashion until it is a case of "Home again," but also nothing that King Sol can do (even in the Tropics!)—and there he has a harsh way with clothes (sometimes!)—will detract from their attractive appearance.

The Spring Two-piece

A GLANCE at some of the new models sketched at the famous house of Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh, will suffice to show that these are entirely in accord with Paris dictates. At the top of the page is shown a fawn frock of fine wool stockinette, with wool embroidery in darker tones of the same shade *appliqué* on the right side and on the cuffs, whilst a narrow piping in the same dark shade provides an attractive finish at the neck. (Price £7 17*s.* 6*d.*) The centre model consists of a two-piece suit in a fine wool and silk stockinette in the fashionable three-tone stripes, of which the skirt is, fitted on to a *crêpe de Chine* bodice over which the jumper opens; the tie, appearing through a slot in front, should be particularly noted, likewise the fine tucking used as a trimming on both bodice and skirt. Altogether a most effective model, which, at £8 15*s.* 6*d.*, is obtainable in fawn, beige and brown, and various other of the new Spring colours.

And the Three-piece

THE third sketch shows the latest variation of the three-piece, expressed in grey wool stockinette, belted and piped at the neck with the same fabric in sapphire blue. The accompanying long coat is carried out in sapphire blue, with a clipped wool trimming, and its back is as attractive as its front, for it has an original design in strappings.

A two-piece suit in a silk and wool mélange that sponsors the fashionable three-tone stripes. (Jenner's)

It costs £14 14*s.*, and it is also to be found in black and tan.

Millinery Up to Date

ONE of the many reasons why the new millinery is so interesting is because so many models are interpreted in two or more materials. Felt and straw, and felt and satin, or felt and Petersham. Take, for instance, the new Spring contingent that has lately arrived in the millinery department at Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, E.C., some examples of which are sketched on the preceding page. Reading from left to right, No. 1 is carried out in a new waterproofed fabric, with an antelope finish and guaranteed not only impervious to rain, but also washable. Just the thing, priced at 7*s.* 11*d.*, for the sportswoman who wants to emerge smiling from a shower! Pedaline straw and satin ribbon express No. 2, the extraordinarily reasonable price of which is 12*s.* 11*d.* No. 3, in felt bound with straw, the brim slit up at the side in the fashionable manner, is only 5*s.* 11*d.*—indeed a wonderful price for a wonderfully smart hat. It is finished with a rosette of ribbon to tone, and the daintiest of paste swallows.

Good News for Matrons—

TOO often forgotten in Fashion's schemes, that their needs are catered for with all manner of becoming shapes in Messrs. Gamage's millinery department at prices that range from 5*s.* 11*d.* Good news, too, for every Modern Woman, who realises that she cannot earn the title of well-dressed unless her headgear is "infinite in its variety," that she can obtain semi-trimmed felts from 3*s.* 11*d.* Expensive to be smart? Not a bit, IF (and a very big "if," this) you know where to buy! To-day it is no longer a case of purchasing one or two highly priced elaborate models and of getting through the Season with them. How our mothers and aunts must have dreaded the rain and wind! No! The modern hat, inexpensive, easily packed, and often rainproof, deserves to be owned in large quantities . . . and it is!

The latest interpretation of the three-piece has a long coat trimmed with clipped wool. (Jenner's)

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

ONLY IN A 'SWAN'

will you find such individual features of perfect craftsmanship

THERE are amongst those who make the 'Swan' Pen, men who have dedicated the skill and experience of a lifetime to its production. Eighty years of specialised manufacture have been devoted to the making of the nib alone, the perfect adjustment of which demands unremitting vigilance and attention.

That is why 'Swan' Pens are capable of serving their owners for many years with perfect satisfaction.

OF STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Self-filling "Swans" from 15/- Other "Swans" from 10/6

Illustrated Catalogue post free.

"SWAN" PEN

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135, Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches: 79, High Holborn, W.C.1; 114, Cheapside, E.C.2; 95, Regent Street, W.1, and at 3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

MILANESE LINGERIE

Pure Silk Milanese Vest embroidered and hemstitched, fold of georgette. In ivory, pink, peach, coral, cyclamen and black.

Price **18/6**

Knickers to match, hemstitched and embroidered, two rows narrow elastic at knee.

Price **21/9**

Princess Petticoat and Knickers combined to match.

Price **42/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Sent on Approval.

By Appointment Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King.

ETON COLLEGE, WINDSOR.

Amongst the numerous orders for "EN-TOUT-CAS" Courts recently received from all parts of the world, is one for

8 "EN-TOUT-CAS" HARD LAWN COURTS

Together with the complete equipment for same, from

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The Leading Players, Clubs, and Experts know that the "EN-TOUT-CAS" are without doubt the

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DURABLE—FAST—CORRECT BOUNCE
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We are Specialists in Landscape Work and Garden Ornamentation. Advice and Estimate Free.

The Return of the Side-saddle

After a lapse from grace, the side-saddle is returning to popular favour, and the number of women riders who favour it is increasing daily. Ample proof of this is to be found at such a place as the Cadogan Riding School, where, under the able guidance of Mr. Horace Smith, one of the directors of the firm, the lady visitors are turning more and more to this type of saddle. On a recent visit to the Cadogan Riding School, which has a very large following among the younger generation, I noticed that those who favoured this form of riding included Lady Elizabeth Meade and Lady Alma Le Poer Trench, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clancarty.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

An unusual view of the Grand Hotel at St. Moritz taken from the air. The photograph gives a particularly good idea of the magnificent ice rinks

Fighting Cancer

The Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, where such really excellent work is done in fighting and overcoming the terrible disease, is urgently in need of 5 grammes of radium for treatment of patients, at an estimated cost of £11,500 a gramme. As a result of generous help, they have been enabled to buy 1 gramme, and earnestly solicit contributions and donations towards the cost of purchasing the remainder.

Changing London

Lovers of old London will be sorry to learn that the premises at 37-38, Cheapside, occupied by Messrs. Meakers, Ltd., the well-known specialists in men's wear, are to be demolished. This building is reputed to have withstood the Great Fire in 1666, and is, indeed, the oldest house on Cheapside. With its passing will go yet another link with the romantic—if inconvenient—London of the olden days.

A Money-saving Concern

A famous British firm whose name is known in every quarter of the globe has made an exhaustive test of the Dictaphone on scientific lines, and has found that whereas their correspondence under the shorthand system cost £1,610 per annum, the Dictaphone did the work for £686, a saving of £924 in a single year. Developments have brought increased work, and the firm's annual saving by using Dictaphones is now £3,250. It is not surprising that over 200,000 business men now dictate to the Dictaphone, for its time and labour-saving qualities are enormous.

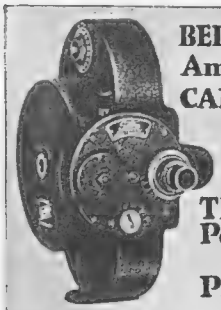
O. and I. Ray

MISS GLADYS LACK

The well-known mezzo-soprano, who is the daughter of Mr. J. G. Lack, a director of Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, Ltd. She arranged a variety concert in aid of the funds of the Warehousemen Clerks and Drapers' Schools, which took place on February 10 at the Linen Hall, Regent Street, W. The concert was very successful and materially assisted this deserving cause

WHERE ROYALTY TAKES ITS HOLIDAYS.—Once again, as in the past years, Cannes may be called the town of crowned heads. The Kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Afghanistan, the ex-King of Portugal, innumerable heir-apparents and princes of the blood are to be seen daily basking in the sunshine on the Croisette, surrounded by the élite of Society. They spend their evenings at the Sporting Club, in its Restaurant des "Plats Nouveaux," at its Bar Provençal, or, again, dancing and being entertained in its Cabaret, "The Kit-Cat," the newest and most charming Club in Cannes.

EASTBOURNE,
QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM-BEDROOMS and SUITES
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
WEEKLY INCLUSIVE TERMS, from 5 GNS



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Amateur Cine
CAMERA £54
for
The Best Personal Living Pictures
Wallace Heaton, Ltd.
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REAL HARRIS AND LEWIS HOMESPUNS.
The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post. Carr. paid.
James St. Tweed Depot, 72, Stornaway, Scotland.

Rheumatism
Attacks Us After 40.

A Harley Street doctor recently informed a Judge in the King's Bench Division that we are all more or less rheumatic after forty. This remark must impress upon thousands the necessity of taking immediate steps to prevent rheumatism getting a firm lodgment in the system.

The finest treatment for all Uric Acid troubles is a daily sparkling glass of Kutnow's Powder. This famous saline agreeably reproduces the identical properties of the Carlsbad mineral springs famed for their unique curative virtues in rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, &c.

Kutnow's dissolves uric acid poison out of the system. It regulates elimination without stringent action. It cleanses the blood stream and promotes healthy condition of the liver, kidneys and intestines. Kutnow's Powder contains no sugar, and is therefore safe for gouty and diabetic patients.

KUTNOW'S POWDER
THE ENEMY OF URIC ACID
Home price 2/9 per bottle. All Chemists, or S. Kutnow & Co., Ltd., 204, Phœnix St., N.W.1.

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HINDES' HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 or direct:—
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The CARE of INFANTS.

For delicate infants and at weaning time or whenever a change of diet is indicated, try giving Benger's Food.

As soon as you prepare the **Benger's with fresh milk,** according to the directions, both undergo a first process of natural digestion. This enables the highly nutritive contents of the milk and Benger's Food to be more fully absorbed even by weakly children. As Benger's Food imparts its nourishment so easily and so quickly, distressed infants are soon comforted and nourished.

Extract from
"Food and Feeding in Health and Disease."
(A Standard Medical Work—page 183).

"This is certainly one of the most useful proprietary foods on the market. It is specially useful in the feeding of weakly infants, and in cases of gastric intestinal derangements, such as typhoid fever and malnutrition generally."

For fuller information on this natural way of feeding infants, write for Benger's Baby Booklet, which serves as a helpful guide for mothers. Post free.

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
NEW YORK (U.S.A.): 90, Beekman Street. SYDNEY (N.S.W.): 350, George Street.
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Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
Prices—1/4, 2/3, 4/- and 8/6.

BENGER'S Food

Regd. TRADE MARK

Teach your child the Common Sense of powder for the teeth

Calvert's for Dentures too

Use powder—dry powder—to burnish and freshen your denture. Common Sense tells you this, and tells you it must be Calvert's because Calvert's is so smooth it cannot scratch the gold.

Have you met old Common Sense? He is a character from the Treasure Cave Booklet. Ask your chemist for a copy when you buy your next tin of "Calvert's."

Explain it, Mother, like this: that teeth are just like hidden treasure that will be lost if not kept clean; that of all forms of cleanliness a bright polish is the cleanest.

Explain why nothing polishes like powder—just because it is *dry*, and dryness is the secret of polishing. Especially Calvert's — powder so smooth that it cannot scratch even the delicate enamel of first teeth; powder blended with a healthful antiseptic and so wonderfully refreshing that kiddies delight to use it.

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

The Common Sense Dentifrice

SOLD EVERYWHERE in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 TINS

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A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Distiller's Art

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MESSRS. HEDGES & BUTLER, LTD.
Wine Merchants to H.M. The King
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The MENU

RECIPES BY REQUEST

Chicken Spatchcock

DRAW and singe a chicken, place it on a board, split it down the back, and cut through the bone. Wipe the inside of the bird with a damp cloth, cut off the feet at the first joints, remove the neck close to the body of the bird, flatten it, and season with salt and pepper. Brush over the inside with oil and sprinkle over with finely chopped shallots and parsley; dredge with a little flour. Skewer it into a flat shape by means of two steel skewers, place it between a well-greased grid-iron, brush over with oiled butter, and cook under the gas grill from fifteen to twenty minutes; turn the grid-iron occasionally and baste freely from time to time with oiled butter. When done, take the bird from the grill, remove the skewers, dish up, and serve with Tartare sauce and fried potato chips.

Poulet au Riz

Truss a chicken for boiling and put it into a stewpan with ½ lb of parboiled rice, a few peppercorns, a little salt, and enough water to cover well the fowl and rice. Let it simmer gently over a slow fire for three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, remove to a hot dish, add to the rice some pepper, salt, a gill of cream, a little nutmeg, and ½ oz. of butter. Make the mixture very hot, stirring gently for five minutes; pour the sauce round the fowl, and serve with carrots *à la Maître d'Hôtel*.

Dry Curry

Put four tablespoonfuls of butter into a *sauté* pan with three onions finely sliced. Fry till a deep golden colour, add a tablespoonful of grated coconut and a squeeze of lemon, a little finely chopped apple, two tablespoonfuls of curry powder, one tablespoonful of chutney, a good piece of butter, and a pinch of salt. Stir all this in the pan till a deep brown. Put in the prawns or lobster (or other fish or meat), stir constantly with a wooden spoon. If necessary, add more butter, and do not allow the mixture to burn. Stir in a little more lemon juice just before serving, and send up the curry *very* hot in a silver *entrée* dish, and rice separately. If care is taken, this dry curry should be a very successful dish.

Carrots à la Maître d'Hôtel

Scrape, wash, and scald the carrots in boiling water; cook them in hot water, with salt and a piece of butter the size of a small egg. When cooked, remove them and put them to drain. Mix in a stewpan 1 oz. of butter, one chopped shallot, chopped parsley, a little castor sugar, pepper and salt to taste. Put in the carrots, toss them up for two minutes, and serve them with fried sippets. If procurable, the small French carrots are suitable for this dish.

EMILIA.

THE BYSTANDER

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Plasmon gives the family a real meal—protein and vitamin, builders of bone, body and brain. In Plasmon Oats all the nourishment is provided in natural food-form—readily acceptable to the system. No other porridge has the same advantages; no other porridge is made from fresh Scotch Oats plus Plasmon.

Plasmon Oats—prepared in five minutes—make nearly twice as much porridge as any other oatmeal—and better. Sold by your grocer in ninepenny packets and automatically packed in an inner dust-and-damp-proof bag.

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Other standard products combining highest food value with economy are Plasmon Cocoa, Plasmon Custard, Plasmon Blanc-Mange, Plasmon Biscuits and Plasmon Chocolate.

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H.S.

WILL THE INSIDE ALSO REVEAL QUALITY?

PEOPLE say, "Quality tells!" Before ordering a new suit or coat, consider what a great asset is a dependable lining. It means many months' more wear, a snug and easy fit, and no danger of shrinkage or discoloration.

But only in "COURTINE" LININGS are these advantages guaranteed. There is a full choice of colours and qualities, suitable for business, sports, or evening wear. Test and compare as you may—"COURTINE" LININGS will become a "standing order." Ask your Tailor.

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The name is on the Selvedge.

Dance and Dinner Frocks you are fond of deserve the best possible care. Only cleaning in the "Achille Serre Way" can be relied upon for the attention to detail and perfect results which have made this method preferred by very particular people. "Beauty Adorned" explains our Service. May we send it?

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Super Quality Marl Mixture Hose, *perfect fitting, full fashioned, thoroughly reliable in wear. In Nude, Sunburn, Fawn, Beaver, Camel, Cinnamon, Grey-Lilac, Grey, or Black/White.*

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The "Harvey" Brand Pure Silk Hose, *open lace clox, exclusive to Harvey Nichols, reliable British make, thoroughly recommended for good wear. In Nude, French Nude, Beige, Beige-Rose, Mirage, Putty, Mushroom, Oak, Grey-Lilac, Grey-Rose, Silver-Grey, Platinum, Pewter, Dago, Gunmetal, or Black.*

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PITLOCHRY

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Cleanse The Pores With Cuticura Soap

And have a clear, fresh complexion, free from pimples, redness or roughness. Clogging and irritation of the pores, the usual cause of pimples, may be prevented by making Cuticura Soap your every-day toilet soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

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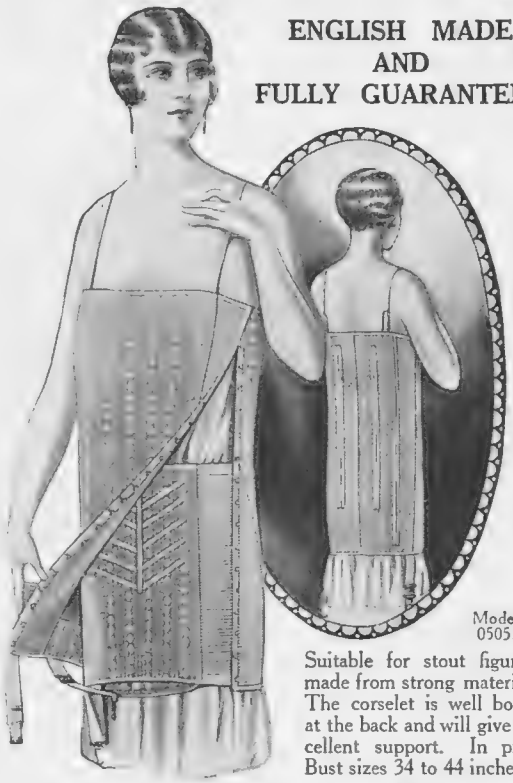

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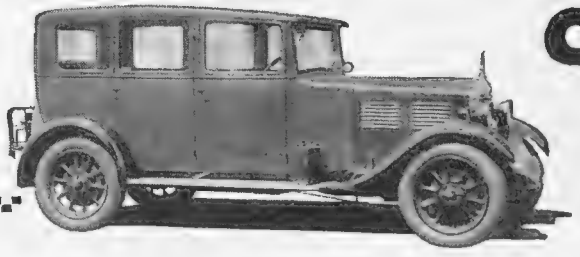

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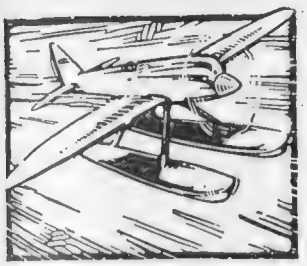

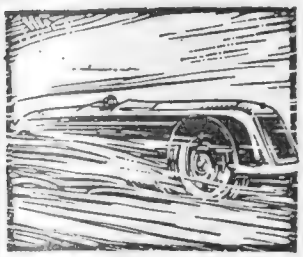

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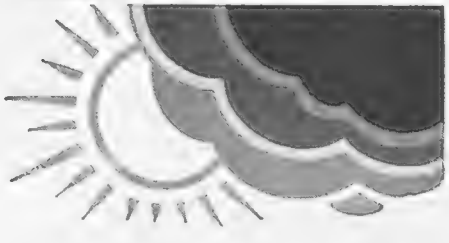

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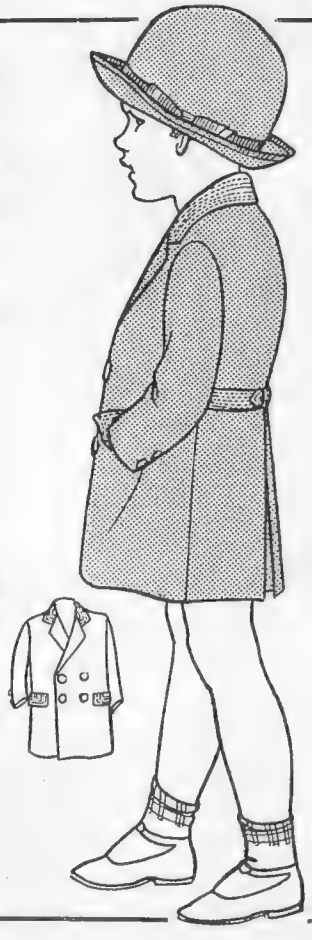

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LUCKY FOR BOOTS

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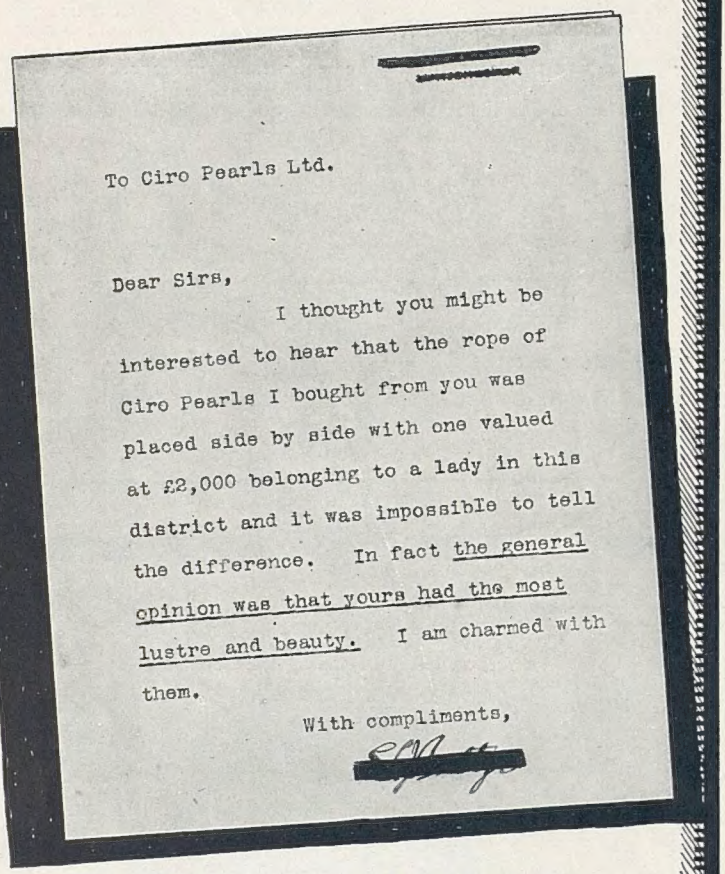

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Dear Sirs,

I thought you might be interested to hear that the rope of Ciro Pearls I bought from you was placed side by side with one valued at £2,000 belonging to a lady in this district and it was impossible to tell the difference. In fact the general opinion was that yours had the most lustre and beauty. I am charmed with them.

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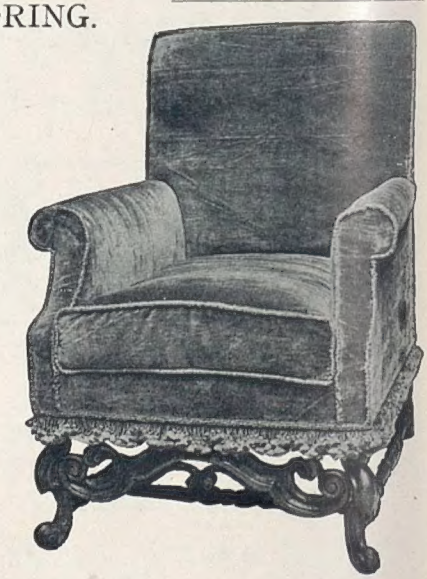

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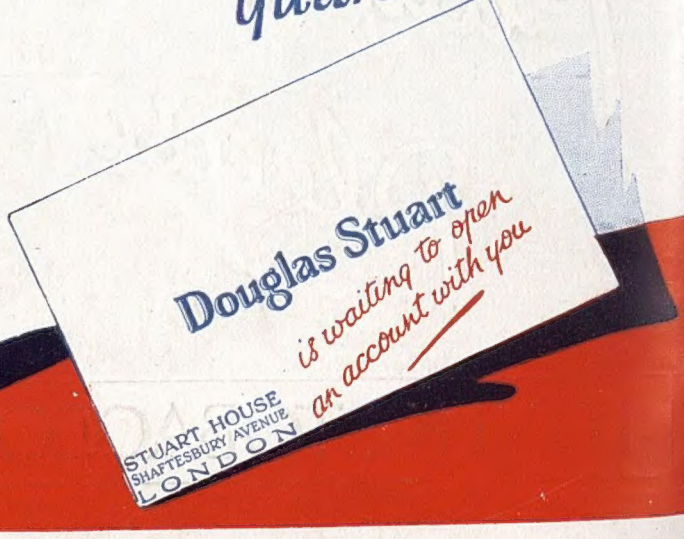

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